

ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1844.

For Arthur's Magazine.

I'LL SEE ABOUT IT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

MR. EASY sat alone in his counting room, one afternoon, in a most comfortable frame, both as regards mind and body. A profitable speculation in the morning had brought the former into a state of great complacency, and a good dinner had done all that was required for the repose of the latter. He was in that delicious, half asleep, half awake condition, which, occurring after dinner, is so very pleasant. The newspaper, whose pages at first possessed a charm for his eye, had fallen, with the hand that held it, upon his knee. His head was gently reclined backwards against the top of a high, leather cushioned chair; while his eyes, half opened, saw all things around him but imperfectly. Just at this time the door was quietly opened, and a lad of some fifteen or sixteen years, with a pale, thin face, high forehead, and large dark eyes, entered. He approached the merchant with a hesitating step, and soon stood directly before him.

Mr. Easy felt disturbed at this intrusion, for so he felt it. He knew the lad to be the son of a poor widow, who had once seen better circumstances than those that now surrounded her.

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Her husband had, while living, been his intimate friend, and he had promised him, at his dying hour, to be the protector and adviser of his wife and children. He had meant to do all he promised, but, not being very fond of trouble, except where stimulated to activity by the hope of gaining some good for himself, he had not been as thoughtful in regard to Mrs. Mayberry as he ought to have been. She was a modest, shrinking, sensitive woman, and had, notwithstanding her need of a friend and adviser, never called upon Mr. Easy, or even sent to request him to act for her in any thing, except once. Her husband had left her poor. She knew little of the world. She had three quite young children, and one, the oldest, about sixteen. Had Mr. Easy been true to his pledge, he might have thrown many a ray upon her dark path, and lightened her burdened heart of many a doubt and fear. But he had permitted more than a year to pass since the death of her husband, without having once called upon her. This neglect had not been intentional. His will was good but never active at the present moment. "To-morrow," or "next week," or

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"very soon," he would call upon Mrs. Mayberry; but to-morrow, or next week, or very soon, had never yet come.

As for the widow, soon after her husband's death, she found that poverty was to be added to affliction. A few hundred dollars made up the sum of all that she received after the settlement of his business, which had never been in a very prosperous condition. On this, under the exercise of extreme frugality, she had been enabled to live for nearly a year. Then the paucity of her little store made it apparent to her mind that individual exertion was required, directed towards procuring the means of support for her little family. Ignorant of the way in which this was to be done, and having no one to advise her, nearly two months more passed before she could determine what to do. By that time she had but a few dollars left, and was in a state of great mental distress and uncertainty. She then applied for work at some of the shops, and obtained common sewing, but at prices that could not yield her any thing like a support.

Hiram, her oldest son, had been kept at school up to this period. But now she had to withdraw him. It was impossible any longer to pay his tuition fees. He was an intelligent lad—active in mind, and pure in his moral principles. But like his mother, sensitive, and inclined to avoid observation. Like her, too, he had a proud independence of feeling, that made him shrink from asking or accepting a favor, or putting himself under an obligation to any one. He first became aware of his mother's true condition, when she took him from school, and explained the reason for so doing. At once his mind rose into the determination to do something to aid his mother. He felt a glowing confidence, arising from the consciousness of strength within. He felt that he had both the will and the power to act, and to act efficiently.

"Don't be disheartened, mother," he said, with animation. "I can and will do something. I can help you. You have worked for me a great many years. Now I will work for you."

Where there is a will, there is a way. But it is often the case, that the will lacks the kind of intelligence that enables it to find the right way at once. So it proved in the case of Hiram Mayberry. He had a strong enough will, but did not know how to bring it into activity. Good, without its appropriate truth, is impotent. Of this the poor lad soon became conscious. To the question of his mother—

"What can you do, child?" an answer came not so readily.

"Oh, I can do a great many things," was easily said; but, even in saying so, a sense of

inability followed the first thought of what he should do, that the declaration awakened.

The will impels, and then the understanding seeks for the means of effecting the purposes of the will. In the case of young Hiram, thought followed affection. He pondered for many days over the means by which he was to aid his mother. But, the more he thought, the more conscious did he become, that, in the world, he was a weak boy. That however strong might be his purpose, his means of action were limited. His mother could aid him but little. She had but one suggestion to make, and that was, that he should endeavor, to get a situation in some store, or counting room. This he attempted to do. Following her direction, he called upon Mr. Easy, who promised to see about looking him up a situation. It happened, the day after, that a neighbor spoke to him about a lad for his store—(Mr. Easy had already forgotten his promise)—Hiram was recommended, and the man called to see his mother.

"How much salary can you afford to give him?" asked Mrs. Mayberry, after learning all about the situation, and feeling satisfied that her son should accept of it.

"Salary, ma'am?" returned the storekeeper, in a tone of surprise. "We never give a boy any salary for the first year. The knowledge that is acquired of business is always considered a full compensation. After the first year, if he likes us, and we like him, we may give him seventy-five or a hundred dollars."

Poor Mrs. Mayberry's countenance fell immediately.

"I wouldn't think of his going out now, if it were not in the hope of his earning something," she said, in a disappointed voice.

"How much did you expect him to earn?" was asked by the storekeeper.

"I didn't know exactly what to expect. But I supposed that he might earn four or five dollars a week."

"Five dollars a week is all we pay our porter, an able bodied, industrious man," was returned. "If you wish your son to become acquainted with mercantile business, you must not expect him to earn much for three or four years. At a trade you may receive for him barely a sufficiency to board and clothe him, but nothing more."

This declaration so dampened the feelings of the mother that she could not reply for some moments. At length she said—

"If you will take my boy with the understanding, that, in case I am not able to support him, or hear of a situation where a salary can be obtained, you will let him leave your employ-

ment without hard feelings, he shall go into your store at once."

To this the man consented, and Hiram Mayberry went with him according to agreement. A few weeks passed, and the lad, liking both the business and his employer, his mother felt exceedingly anxious for him to remain. But she sadly feared that this could not be. Her little store was just about exhausted, and the most she had yet been able to earn by working for the shops, was a dollar and a half a week. This was not more than sufficient to buy the plainest food for her little flock. It would not pay rent, nor get clothing. To meet the former, recourse was had to the sale of her husband's small, select library. Careful mending kept the younger children tolerably decent, and by altering for him the clothes left by his father, she was able to keep Hiram in a suitable condition, to appear at the store of his employer.

Thus matters went on for several months. Mrs. Mayberry working late and early. The natural result was, a gradual failure of strength. In the morning, when she awoke, she would feel so languid and heavy, that to rise required a strong effort, and even after she was up, and attempted to resume her labors, her trembling frame almost refused to obey the dictates of her will. At length, nature gave way. One morning she was so sick that she could not rise. Her head throbbed with a dizzy, blinding pain—her whole body ached, and her skin burned with fever. Hiram got something for the children to eat, and then taking the youngest, a little girl about two years old, into the house of a neighbor who had showed them some good will, asked her if she would take care of his sister until he returned home at dinner time. This the neighbor readily consented to do—promising, also, to call in frequently to see his mother.

At dinner time Hiram found his mother quite ill. She was no better at night. For three days the fever raged violently. Then, under the careful treatment of their old family physician, it was subdued. After that she gradually recovered, but very slowly. The physician said she must not attempt again to work as she had done. This injunction was scarcely necessary. She had not the strength to do so.

"I don't see what you will do, Mrs. Mayberry," a neighbor who had often aided her by kind advice, said, in reply to the widow's statement of her unhappy condition. "You cannot maintain these children, certainly. And I don't see how, in your present feeble state, you are going to maintain yourself. There is but one thing that I can advise, and that advice I give with reluctance. It is to endeavor to get two

of your children into some orphan asylum. The youngest you may be able to keep with you. The oldest can support himself at something or other."

The pale cheek of Mrs. Mayberry grew paler at this proposition. She half sobbed, caught her breath, and looked her adviser with a strange, bewildered stare in the face.

"O, no! I cannot do that! I cannot be separated from my dear little children. Who will care for them like a mother?"

"It is hard, I know, Mrs. Mayberry. But necessity is a stern ruler. You cannot keep them with you—that is certain. You have not the strength to provide them with even the coarsest food. In an asylum, with a kind matron, they will be better off than under any other circumstances."

But Mrs. Mayberry shook her head.

"No—no—no," she replied—"I cannot think of such a thing. I cannot be separated from them. I shall soon be able to work again—better able than before."

The neighbor who felt deeply for her, did not urge the matter. When Hiram returned at dinner time, his face had in it a more animated expression than usual.

"Mother," he said, as soon as he came in, "I heard to-day that a boy was wanted at the Gazette office, who could write a good hand. The wages are to be four dollars a week."

"You did!" Mrs. Mayberry said, quickly, her weak frame trembling, although she struggled hard to be composed.

"Yes. And Mr. Easy is well acquainted with the publisher, and could get me the place, I am sure."

Then go and see him at once, Hiram. If you can secure it, all will be well, if not, your little brothers and sisters will have to be separated, perhaps sent into an orphan asylum."

Mrs. Mayberry covered her face with her hands and sobbed bitterly for some moments.

Hiram eat his frugal meal quickly, and returned to the store, where he had to remain until his employer went home and dined. On his return he asked liberty to be absent for half an hour, which was granted. He then went direct to the counting room of Mr. Easy, and disturbed him as has been seen. Approaching with a timid step, and a flushed brow, he said in a confused and hurried manner—

"Mr. Easy there is a lad wanted at the Gazette office."

"Well?" returned Mr. Easy in no very cordial tone.

"Mother thought you would be kind enough to speak to Mr. G—— for me."

"Havn't you a place in a store?"

"Yes sir. But I don't get any wages. And at the Gazette office they will pay four dollars a week."

"But the knowledge of business to be gained where you are will be worth a great deal more than four dollars a week."

"I know that, sir. But mother is not able to board and clothe me. I must earn something."

"Oh, aye, that's it. Very well, I'll see about it for you."

"When shall I call, sir?" asked Hiram.

"When. Oh, almost any time. Say to-morrow or next day."

The lad departed, and Mr. Easy's head fell back upon the chair, the impression which had been made upon his mind passing away almost as quickly as writing upon water.

With anxious trembling hearts did Mrs. Mayberry and her son wait for the afternoon of the succeeding day. On the success of Mr. Easy's application, rested all their hopes. Neither she nor Hiram eat over a few mouthfuls at dinner time. The latter hurried away, and returned to the store, there to wait with trembling eagerness until his employer should return from dinner, and he again be free to go and see Mr. Easy.

To Mrs. Mayberry the afternoon passed slowly. She had forgotten to tell her son to return home immediately, if the application should be successful. He did not come back, and she had, consequently, to remain in a state of anxious suspense until dark. He came in at the usual hour. His dejected countenance told of disappointment.

"Did you see Mr. Easy?" Mrs. Mayberry asked, in a low, troubled voice.

"Yes. But he hadn't been to the Gazette office. He said he had been very busy. But that he would *see about it soon*."

Nothing more was said. The mother and son, after sitting silent and pensive during the evening, retired early to bed. On the next day, urged on by his anxious desire to get the situation of which he had heard, Hiram again called at the counting room of Mr. Easy, his heart trembling with hope and fear. There were two or three men present. Mr. Easy cast upon him rather an impatient look as he entered. His appearance had evidently annoyed the merchant. Had he consulted his feelings, he would have retired at once. But there was too much at stake. Gliding to a corner of the room, he stood, with his hat in his hand, and a look of anxiety upon his face, until Mr. Easy was disengaged. At length the gentlemen with whom he was occupied went away, and Mr. Easy turned towards the boy. Hiram looked up earnestly in his face.

"I have really been so much occupied my lad,"

the merchant said, in a kind of apologetic tone, "as to have entirely forgotten my promise to you. But I *will* see about it. Come in again, to-morrow."

Hiram made no answer, but turned with a sigh towards the door. The keen disappointment expressed in the boy's face, and the touching quietness of his manner, reached the feelings of Mr. Easy. He was not a hard hearted man, but selfishly indifferent to others. He could feel deeply enough if he would permit himself to do so. But of this latter failing he was not often guilty.

"Stop a minute," he said. And then stood in a musing attitude for a moment or two. "As you seem so anxious about this matter," he added, "if you will wait here a little while, I will step down to see Mr. G—— at once."

The boy's face brightened instantly. Mr. Easy saw the effect of what he said, and it made the task he was about entering upon reluctantly, an easy one. The boy waited for nearly a quarter of an hour, so eager to know the result that he could not compose himself to sit down. The sound of Mr. Easy's step at the door, at length made his heart bound. The merchant entered. Hiram looked into his face. One glance was sufficient to dash every dearly cherished hope to the ground.

"I am sorry," Mr. Easy said, "but the place was filled this morning. I was a little too late,

The boy was unable to control his feelings. The disappointment was too great. Tears gushed from his eyes, as he turned away and left the counting room without speaking.

"I'm afraid I've done wrong," said Mr. Easy to himself, as he stood, in a musing attitude, by his desk, about five minutes after Hiram had left. "If I had seen about the situation when he first called upon me, I might have secured it for him. But it's too late now."

After saying this the merchant placed his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, and commenced walking the floor of his counting room backwards and forwards. He could not get out of his mind the image of the boy as he turned from him in tears, nor drive away thoughts of the friend's widow whom he had neglected. This state of mind continued all the afternoon. Its natural effect was to cause him to cast about in his mind for some way of getting employment for Hiram that would yield immediate returns. But nothing presented itself.

"I wonder if I couldn't make room for him here?" he at length said—"He looks like a bright boy. I know Mr. —— is highly pleased with him. He spoke of getting four dollars a week. That's a good deal to give to a mere lad. But, I suppose I might make him worth that to me.

And now I begin to think seriously about the matter, I believe I cannot keep a clear conscience and any longer remain indifferent to the welfare of my old friend's widow and children. I must look after them a little more closely than I have heretofore done."

This resolution relieved the mind of Mr. Easy a good deal.

When Hiram left the counting room of the merchant, his spirits were crushed to the very earth. He found his way back, how he hardly knew, to his place of business, and mechanically performed the tasks allotted him, until evening. Then he returned home, reluctant to meet his mother, and yet anxious to relieve her state of suspense, even, if in doing so, he should dash a last hope from her heart. When he came in Mrs. Mayberry lifted her eyes to his, inquiringly; but dropped them instantly—she needed no words to tell her that he had suffered a bitter disappointment.

"You did not get the place?" she at length said, with forced composure.

"No—it was taken this morning. Mr. Easy promised to see about it. But he didn't do so. When he went this afternoon, it was too late."

Hiram said this with a trembling voice and lips that quivered.

"Thy will be done!" murmured the widow, lifting her eyes upwards. "If these tender ones are to be taken from their mother's fold, oh, do thou temper for them the piercing blast, and be their shelter amid the raging tempests."

A tap at the door brought back the thoughts of Mrs. Mayberry. A brief struggle with her feelings enabled her to overcome them in time to receive a visitor with composure. It was the merchant.

"Mr. Easy!" she said in surprise.

"Mrs. Mayberry, how do you do!" There was some restraint and embarrassment in his manner. He was conscious of having neglected the widow of his friend, before he came. The humble condition in which he found her, quickened that consciousness into a sting.

"I am sorry, madam," he said after he had become seated and made a few inquiries, "that I did not get the place for your son. In fact, I am to blame in the matter. But, I have been thinking since that he would suit me exactly, and if you have no objections, I will take him and pay him a salary of two hundred dollars for the first year."

Mrs. Mayberry tried to reply, but her feelings were too much excited by this sudden and unlooked for proposal, to allow her to speak for some moments. Even then her assent was made with tears glistening on her cheeks.

Arrangements were quickly made for the transfer of Hiram from the store where he had been engaged, to the counting room of Mr. Easy. The salary he received was just enough to enable Mrs. Mayberry, with what she herself earned, to keep her little together, until Hiram, who proved a valuable assistant in Mr. Easy's business, could command a larger salary, and render her more important aid.

HIGHLAND MARY.

BY MRS. NORTON.

I WOULD I WERE THE LIGHT FERN GROWING
Beneath my Highland Mary's tread,
I WOULD I WERE THE GREEN TREE THROWING
Its shadow o'er her gentle head!
I WOULD I WERE A WILD-FLOWER SPRINGING
Where my sweet Mary loves to rest,
That she might pluck me while she's singing,
And place me on her snowy breast!

I WOULD I WERE IN YONDER HEAVEN
A silver star, whose soft dim light
Would rise to bless each summer even,
And watch my Mary all the night!

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I would, beneath these small white fingers,
I were the lute her breath has fanned—
The gentle lute, whose soft note lingers,
As loth to leave her fairy hand!

Ah, happy things! ye may not wander
From Scotland to some darker sky,
But ever live unchanging yonder,
To happiness and Mary nigh!
While I at midnight sadly weeping
Upon its deep transparent blue,
Can only gaze while all are sleeping,
And dream my Mary watches too!

THE BLIND BOY AND HIS SISTER.

BY MARY HOWITT.

"OH, brother," said fair Annie,
To the blind boy at her side ;
"Would thou could'st see the sunshine lie
On hill and valley, and the sky
Hung like a glorious canopy
O'er all things far and wide !

"Would thou could'st see the waters
In many a distant glen ;
The mountain flocks that graze around ;
Nay, even this patch of stony ground,
These crags, with silver lichen crowned,
I would that thou could'st ken !

"Would thou could'st see my face, brother,
As well as I see thine ;
For always what I cannot see
It is but half a joy to me.
Brother, I often weep for thee,
Yet thou dost ne'er repine !"

"And why should I repine, Annie ?"
Said the blind boy, with a smile ;
"I ken the blue sky and the gray ;
The sunny and the misty day ;
The moorland valley stretched away
For many and many a mile !

"I ken the night and day, Annie,
For all ye may believe ;
And often in my spirit lies
A clear light as of mid-day skies ;
And splendors on my vision rise,
Like gorgeous hues of eve.

"I sit upon the stone, Annie,
Beside our cottage door,
And people say, 'that boy is blind,'
And pity me, although I find
A world of beauty in my mind,
A never-ceasing store.

"I hear you talk of mountains,
The beautiful, the grand ;
Of splintered peaks so gray and tall ;
Of lake and glen and waterfall ;
Of flowers and trees ;—I ken them all ;
Their difference understand.

"The harbell and the gowan
Are not alike to me,
Are different as the herd and flock,

The blasted pine-tree of the rock,
The waving birch, the broad, green oak,
The river, and the sea.

"And oh, the heavenly music,
That, as I sit alone,
Comes to mine inward sense as clear
As if the angel voices were
Singing to harp and dulcimer
Before the mighty throne !

"It is not as of outward sound,
Of breeze, or singing bird ;
But wondrous melody refined ;
A gift of God unto the blind ;
An inward harmony of mind,
By inward senses heard !

"And all the old-world stories
That neighbors tell o' nights ;
Of fairies on the fairy mound,
Of brownies dwelling under ground,
Of elves careering round and round,
Of fays and water-sprites :

"All this to me is pleasantness,—
Is all a merry show ;
I see the antic people play,—
Brownie and kelpie, elf and fay,
In a sweet country far away,
Yet where I seem to go.

"But better far than this, Annie,
Is when thou read'st to me
Of the dear Saviour meek and kind,
And how he healed the lame and blind.
Am I not healed ?—for in my mind
His blessed form I see !

"Oh, love is not of sight, Annie,
Is not of outward things ;
For, in my inmost soul I know
His pity for all mortal wo ;
His words of love, spoke long ago,
Unseal its deepest springs !

"Then do not mourn for me, Annie,
Because that I am blind ;—
The beauty of all outward sight ;
The wondrous shows of day and night ;
All love, all faith, and all delight,
Are strong in heart and mind !"

For Arthur's Magazine.

JOHN BICKER,

THE DRY DOMINIE OF KILWOODY.*

"DE'IL break your leg if ye get out over this door, the night, to any of your drunken companions. Do ye think I am to be getting out of my warm bed, to be letting you in at a' the hours of the night, you nasty sow! I wish the first drop of whiskey ye tak, wad gang like boiling lead down your throat."

Such were the mild remonstrance and exclamation of scolding Tibby to her husband, John Bicker, the dry schoolmaster of Kilwoody. John answered with great mildness :

"Ah, Tibby, the whiskey's nae so strong now-a-days, woman; its mair like water than ony thing else. Ye ken this morning, Davy and I drank a whole mutchkin afore breakfast and were ne'er a bit the waur of it."

"The mair's the pity," retorted Tibby, "the deil's ay good to his ain, but out of this house ye shall not stir till morning!"

"Ony ower the way to Saunders Glasse's," returned John; "I gave Davy and Rob my hand, that I would come, and I'll na stay very long: indeed I maun gang, Tibby."

"Ye'll gang ower my back, then," exclaimed Tibby, placing herself between John and the door, "and ye'll get the mark of my ten nails as deep as I can houk in yer face. I'm ower easy and good natured with ye, ye vagabond, and that's the way ye leave me to gang after your drunken sand beds, that would soak in as muckle whiskey as would fill our goose dub; ne'er-do-weels, that 'ave their stomachs paved wi' whin stanes."

John stood and wriggled his shoulder, and scratched his head, at this announcement of a determined blockade. He tried to appease the

enemy, but in vain. He knew his own strength, but was unwilling to exert it. A vigorous attack would have in a moment, procured him his liberty; but this, John was afraid, would be attended with too much clamor; and perhaps be productive of consequences he might afterwards be sorry for. He, therefore, determined to call off the attention of his infuriated spouse by a seeming acquiescence, and so take advantage of some lucky opportunity of affecting his escape. But this system of tactics had been tried too often before, and Tibby seemed determined it should not succeed this time, as she cautiously barred the door of their little cottage, and placed herself so as to have full view and command of that weak part of the garrison. John was turning, disconsolate, to the fire place when his feelings were roused to the full pitch of resolution by the voice of a friend on the outside.

"John, we're biding for you; what keeps you, mon?"

It was the voice of David Gourlay, and the sound was irresistible. John flew to the door, which he unbolted in a twinkling, burst from the enraged grasp of his wife, who fell upon the threshold in the momentary struggle and, ere she could recover the use of her tongue or her limbs, the schoolmaster of Kilwoody, nimble as the mountain deer, bounded over the hills with the all inspiring emotions of newly recovered liberty, and anticipations of social delight. Tibby, seeing all her plans frustrated and her determinations thwarted, could only give vent to her feelings in imprecations against her husband, and the direst wishes as to his fate.

"I wish he may never enter this door again alive," she exclaimed. "May I have the satisfaction of stretching him on his dead-dale. I hope this nicht; he'll taste his last drop of whiskey in this wairld. It wad gi' me the greatest pleasure, that on Sabbath next he was laid in the kirk-yard of Kilwoody; the graceless wretch!" here she sobbed with passion. "O that I saw him in his dead claes, and the black bits of boord on ilka side o' him."

The day had been moist and warm, but, to-

* The gentleman who handed us the manuscript of this capital story, states that while in Edinburgh some fifteen or twenty years ago, a new magazine was projected, and some of the sheets passed through the press. But, before the first number was issued, the work was abandoned. Some of the MSS. came into his hands, among others that of "John Bicker," which pleased him so much that he copied it. To his knowledge it has never been in print. The story is well told, and will provoke many a good laugh from our readers.—ED.

wards evening the clouds began to discharge their contents in torrents and one of those sudden transitions, from mildness to the most piercing cold took place, which are so often wofully felt by the valetudinarian about the close of autumn. John, however, (the hero of our tale,) was snug and comfortable in the warm corner of Saunders Glasse's clean sanded parlor, where every fresh potation of whiskey toddy seemed to inspire him and his companions with warmer and more affectionate regard for each other. The solitary song gave way to the universal chorus. The storm that raged without, was lost in the joyous uproar which expressed all the rapture of social feeling within. Long before midnight, John and his four jovial companions had vowed to stand by each other, "come weal, come wo."

Scolding wives, squalling children, to-morrow's labor, to-morrow's care, were all forgotten and the hour of parting, like the hour of death, if it crossed the imagination for a moment, was chased away by the loud sounding laugh, the cordial shake of the hand, and the fresh flowing bumpers.

Scolding Tibby, as the only gratification of revenge which was in her power, bolted carefully the door, moved all the pieces of furniture, which were portable, to strengthen the fortification and went to bed at an early hour, vowing that her drunken husband should find no shelter within his house from the howling storm which now threatened, every moment, to overthrow their little dwelling. Wakeful to enjoy the success of her manœuvres, Tibby did not sleep; she listened, with the utmost anxiety, betwixt every pause of the hurricane, and watched for her husband's return, that, if possible, she might add insult and reproaches to her merciless refusal of admittance.

The hour of one had tolled its solitary note from the parish kirk of Kilwoody, when the attentive ear of Tibby distinguished the sound of some one fumbling about the door in search of the latch. It was the next moment gently lifted, but the door still remained immovable; a knock was then heard, but still Tibby kept silent.

"Aperite portum! open the door," cried the Dominie, in a tone, which, evidently, showed the state of inebriety in which he had returned.

The vengeful denial stood trembling on Tibby's lip, but she repressed it, rightly judging the silence with which she treated his request would add to her petitioner's embarrassment. With the exultation of successful revenge, she heard his knocking, his threats, and his entreaties, and so callous was she to his sufferings, that in a short time wearied with the tumultuous passion to which her mind was a constant prey, she fell fast asleep.

About six in the morning she was awakened by the sound of several voices at her door and, ere she could half dress herself to appear with decency, she distinguished, amid a confusion of tongues, the alarming expressions of:

"Ay, ay, he's gone at last. Wae's me, John, it's an awfu' thing! at yer ain door too, stiff and cauld: it's an awfu' thing!"

Tibby removed the barricading and opened the door. She pierced among the small crowd, which was now fast increasing, and beheld her husband lying without sense or motion on the ground.

"John! John!" she exclaimed, with terror, "dinna lay there, mon; come to your ain warm bed, I dinna mean to hurt ye."

"Nae bed will ever warm him," exclaimed one of the bystanders; "a dreadful life ye led him, in this world; and I'm sure he canna be waur used in the neist."

Tibby stood motionless, whilst two or three of the stoutest young fellows in the crowd carried the body within doors and laid it on the bed.

"There never waur sic a nicht under heaven," exclaimed one, "as last nicht; none but the heart of a monster wad have refused shelter to a dog in sic a storm."

"Oh!" cried another, "she'll find a judgment come ower her afore she dies; it's to be hoped honest John's now in glory; but as for you, ye limmer, an awfu' end will be seen of you."

Tibby was not of a disposition to allow herself to be baited, thus, with impunity; and put to her shifts, she stoutly defended herself.

"It was a' owing to his drunken, graceless ways," she retorted, "I told him how it wad be, and I did a' that I could to keep him from that nasty den, Saunders Glasse's; but it was ordained to be the death of him."

"That's a mair sensible word," said Willy Clew, the weaver, who was also an elder of the kirk, "that's a mair sensible word, than I wad have expected o' ye; for if Providence, for its ain ends, ordained that John Bicker was to die, no a' the warm fire-sides between this and Loch Leven wad hae saved him, had he been put just in the middle o' them."

Every body assented to the truth of this sage observation, and Tibby, by the lucky hint, obtained a respite from farther animadversion on her conduct. The visitors, one by one, dropped off, eager to enjoy the momentary attention they might command by being the first to communicate the dreadful event, to the quidnuncs of the parish of Kilwoody. All the old women, as they sipped a little glass of comfortable aqua-vitæ raised their eyes to heaven and inveighed most bitterly against the sin of drunkenness. The

wives, in many an energetic lecture, set forcibly before their husbands' eyes the dreadful fate of the dry Dominie, and the men retorted that it "could not be all the whiskey in Saunders Glasse's change house that could have affected the well seasoned stomach of Johnny Bicker; but that he owed his death, poor man, to that temerarious cat o' thunder his wife, who had left him exposed, all night, to sic dreadfu' weather."

There are some consciences, which have so much antipathy to the stings of self-reproach, that, let their actions partake of ever so much turpitude, the most innocent, and even the most praiseworthy motive is assigned to them. Tibby was one of this class; and, to hear her expressions, as she undressed the inanimate body of her husband, one could not have supposed that her obstinacy had had the smallest share in his destruction.

"Wae's me, John, you wad na hae come to this untimely end, if ye had ta'en the advice o' your ain Tibby. Ye wad hae stopt, comfortably, by your ain cosie fireside, and no tempted Providence at a' the hours o' the nicht; weel did I ken that nae good could come of it, and muckle wark I had, to try to keep ye at hame. But no; ower my back ye wad gang!"

Tibby was here interrupted in her cogitations by auld Alice, who had been summoned thither by the rumor which, by this time, had obtained a pretty extensive circulation. This withered sybil had been so long accustomed to all the paraphernalia of mortality, that deaths and funerals were the chief sources of her enjoyments.

Alice kept an exact register, in her own mind, of all that had died, or were likely to die, in the parish of Kilwoody; could name all the otherwise unrecorded tenantry of the churchyard, and, as if she expected to survive all the present generation, was at no loss in assigning, even to every living inhabitant, his or her future cold and narrow mansion. Indeed, the region of death seemed to be the element in which she lived. With a ready tact, and handiness of manner, which showed that her heart went with her work, she closed the dying eyes of one, stretched out another, decently, on the board which, in Scotland, is called the "dead dale," and which is placed under the corpse previous to its coffining: and dressed a third in the fancifully cut and ornamented garb of the grave, the work of her own taste and ingenuity, which alas! was only to be exhibited for a moment and withdrawn from mortal sight for ever. An expected death produced a feeling of calm satisfaction in the mind of Alice; but a sudden event, of the kind we have just related, seemed to be a supernumerary favor conferred by

fortune, in her kindest moments. Alice, therefore no sooner heard of the circumstance, than she flew to offer her services. While she kindly enquired into the particulars of the affair, her interrogatories were mingled with the sagest reflections on what she termed the workings of Providence, and many a wistful look she cast to the bed, eager for the signal to begin her operations.

"A we drap of water, Tibby; and just tak' the chill aff it. A bonny, weel formed corpse as e'er I saw, sin' the day Tam Mickleston drapp'd aff. Haud ye up the jaw bone, till I fasten this firmly about the lugs. That's richt. Na, na, you mauna tie it there; pit the bonny locks just aneath the nicht-cap. I wish we had the dead dale here, for we canna straught him weel without; a' the joints get sae stiff. If they be supple the morn's morn; I'se tell you what; it's a sure sign they'll be mair ganging the gate he's gane afore the year be out."

Alice had thus far proceeded, when they were joined by a much less disinterested visiter, Tam Mowat, the wright, by whom all the coffins in the parish of Kilwoody had been made, to measure, for the last twenty years, for he kept none of those ready made articles which are to be seen in many of our cities requiring only to be lined and finished off at an hour's notice. The bracing air of Kilwoody, in spite of two Edinburgh medical professors who had lately set up, to amend the constitution of its inhabitants, seemed so obstinately favorable, at least to the corporeal sanity, that Tom Mowat, with the assistance of an apprentice or two, could execute any order as soon as wanted.

The personage we have mentioned spoke very kindly to the widow and still kindlier to auld Alice, whom he considered as a kind of jackall to his profession. He had called, he said, only to see his honest, worthy neighbor, after the woful and melancholy accident.

"There was nae a man in the parish," he said, "he was mair fond o' than Mr. John Bicker; and he believed there was nae another man of sic learning left in a' Kilwoody; but this," he added, "is betwixt oursels, and ye need tak' na notice o' it."

Tibby assented to the truth of all these encomiums, yet still the man of wood had the mortification of not being nearer his purpose. After as many hints and manœuvres, as might have been beheld with admiration by a city dealer, Tam ventured to hope,

"That his auld friend wad be decently interred, becoming the respectable manner he had aye lived in."

"God forbid he shud na," rejoined auld Alice,

"and I'll see the grave houked, myself, in the nor' east corner, within a fit o' Babby Wishart's head stane. They never liked yin anither when living, but they'll sleep quietly thegither for a' that."

The wright, without any further orders, took out his rule and began to measure the length of his old acquaintance.

"A sax feet coffin will be just the thing," said he, "and—"

"Five feet and a half," interrupted Tibby, "John was only five feet and a half."

"I'm no one," answered the wright, "that likes to stint things; I ay mak' it a point to give a corpse plenty of room. It's a hard thing that a man's to be strautened in his coffin, whate'er he was in the world. Let me see, what age will I call him?"

"Twa and thirty, next September," answered Tibby, "and be sure you mak' it strang and firm."

"Leave it a' to me," returned Thomas, who was impatient to take his leave, having accomplished the end of his visit.

The two ladies, however, insisted upon his taking a glass previous to his departure. In a few minutes after, the dead dale arrived, and Alice, with alacrity, pursued her willing task. She stretched the feet nearly parallel to each other, laid the hands by the side and spread the fingers open; then, laying a sheet over the whole body, she placed a plateful of salt on the stomach to keep off the influence of any evil spirit. Refreshing herself with a dram, she took her leave, assuring Tibby that she would return in the evening, to watch the whole night by the side of the corpse, an attention which the country people in Scotland never omit paying to their deceased friends.

In our large cities there are two ways of being carried to our long, last home. In a hearse with nodding plumes, attended by our friends, in mourning coaches, or borne upon the shoulders of undertaker's porters, followed in regular files by all those whom duty and affection summon to the melancholy office. In Scotland there is a third, the only one practised among the poorer class; the coffin is laid upon two or three poles, which are supported on each side by the friends of the deceased who, alternately, relieve each other, until they arrive at the grave.

When a Scotchman dies, his relations think they cannot show a greater mark of respect to his memory, than by securing a numerous attendance at his funeral. For this purpose, they immediately order circular letters to be printed. They bear the signature of the nearest relative or friend and are drawn up in formal terms, announc-

ing the fatal event, the time and place of interment, with an invitation to attend the funeral. These letters are sent to every person with whom the deceased is supposed to have had the most distant acquaintance, so that it not unfrequently happens that, amongst the crowd which accompanies a man to his grave, there are found some who had scarcely any knowledge of his person. On the day of interment, as the persons invited are too numerous to be admitted within doors, they wait in the street. Each is dressed in a complete suit of black, so that it is, in general, necessary, for the pettiest tradesman or mechanic, supposing him to be a man in a settled line of business, to be provided with this article, (colored clothes being considered inadmissible and indecorous,) as it may chance for him to be invited to twenty of these occasions in the course of a year, many of which he may find it imprudent to decline. The funeral is seldom delayed beyond the third day. After the crowd have waited for some time the coffin, containing the body, is brought out and placed with the feet forward. The nearest relations gather round the head, and the rest follow, promiscuously, without any order or solemnity, some talking over the news of the day, or, between every pinch of snuff, relating anecdotes of the deceased. In this manner they advance to the place of interment. No clergyman is seen in official attendance, no burial ceremony is performed; the body is let down into the grave; the company uncover for a moment, the aperture is closed up, and all but the immediate friends of the deceased disperse to their respective homes, none, but the latter description of persons, returning to the desolate mansion. It may be proper, also, to remark; that in no case are women allowed to accompany even the nearest and best beloved of their friends.

To return to the thread of our story. Alice was punctual to her appointment, and Tibby, feeling little inclination to sleep, became the partner of her vigils. The large eight day clock, which had clicked for many a year in the farthest corner of the parlor, had been, as is customary on such occasions, condemned to temporary silence and the tabby cat, who had, hitherto, roamed unrestrained was, by Alice's direction, imprisoned in a solitary out house. Tibby and her friend sat themselves down on each side of a comfortable fire, and, placing the large family Bible on the table between them, they read, or endeavored to read, chapters, alternately, wisely passing over the hard names which, now and then, occurred, neither of them being great adepts at dissecting polysyllables. This, together with a little village scandal, a ghost story or two and now and then, a small drop of comforting liquor,

enabled the ladies to pass the night without much uneasiness.

The next day, at noon, Tibby was rather surprised at the entrance of two clean, neat, and rather fashionably dressed young men, who, uncovering as they approached, with a great deal of politeness informed her, that they were Messrs. Chronic and McGruel, surgeons and apothecaries from Edinburgh, who had lately commenced practice in the parish of Kilwoody, and that they had called to solicit her permission to view the body of her husband. Tibby, unable to divine the cause of what she considered their singular curiosity, would fain have denied their request; but she was not a little abashed by their manners, which, though gentlemanly, was familiar and confident. She, almost involuntarily, muttered some term of acquiescence. The two Esculapian philosophers approached the bed, and touched the body in several places; their observations and remarks were made, according to Tibby's report, in Latin: at least, what, to her, seemed just as intelligible. By their manner, however, she guessed that they differed in opinion; but after a few minutes of wordy contention, they fixed upon a method of elucidating the subject; a method, which, as there is no such thing as a coroner's inquest in Scotland, they knew could only be put into practice by the consent of Tibby. This was, to examine the interior of the deceased, to search for the cause of his sudden departure; the body exhibiting appearances by no means common in apoplexies. Tibby no sooner heard this request, than she lost all the respect with which she had hitherto treated them. She flew into a violent rage, and, being joined by auld Alice, who that moment entered with part of the grave paraphernalia, and who soon understood from the ejaculations of her friend the cause of the dispute, such a clamor ensued, that the two Galens of Kilwoody thought it best to make a timely retreat.

"What!" cried Alice, "gie honest John Bicker to the doctors, like a hangit man, for a' the Edinburgh collegeners to glowr into the inside o' him!"

"God keep us a'," added Tibby, "what the de'il do they want to see? Our John was shaped like ony other decent mon. I se wairant there were nae follies about him, mair than about ony other."

"Never mind, Davy Gourlay and Saunders Webster," answered Alice, "will sit up the nicht to see that nae harm happens to the gude mon, and we'll have a gude deep grave houked for him, the morn's mornin. I never thought those doctor chieles ower canny. There's Saundy Gordon, he's been cloghering and spitting his insides out for thae twa or three years, and

they've been ay gieing him this bottle and that bottle. Ouch dear, I think it's fleeing in the face of Providence; and the doctors will have it a' to answer for, some day."

On the morrow, which was the day appointed for the interment, the sable crowd, as is usual on such occasions, assembled. About half an hour previous Tam Mowat had arrived with the coffin. The body had been dressed with great neatness by the dexterous hands of auld Alice; a glass of wine was handed to each of the few persons who had entered the dwelling, and Tibby was desired by the wright to take the last look at her inanimate husband. It was then that the emotions, which she had hitherto succeeded in suppressing, became irresistibly manifest. She was for a few minutes convulsed with sobbing; this was luckily succeeded by a plentiful shower of tears, and—but we did not set out with the intention of writing a pathetic story: suffice it to say, that the dry Dominie was soon enclosed in that narrow boundary, which, but for a short time, prevents us from mingling with our kindred earth. The sad reliques of mortality were borne to the door; the velvet *mort-cloth*, as it is called in Scotland, was thrown over it, and the procession, moving on, soon arrived at the church yard of Kilwoody. Alice watched it from the window and was not a little surprised at observing the two surgeons, Messrs. Chronic and McGruel, among the crowd of mourners. She was morally certain that these gentlemen were not in the number of the invited; but she deferred her comments on this singular circumstance to a more convenient opportunity. The reader, perhaps, may have already guessed the motives of the above named gentlemen, in endeavoring to ascertain the exact spot of interment. The difference of opinion which had arisen between them at the house of John Bicker, had continued on their way home, and, like all other disputes, had ended in confirming each party in his own particular opinion. As they had been disappointed in their application to make a regular dissection, they were determined that the dry Dominie of Kilwoody should again visit the upper air. In the larger cities of Europe or in some of our own as New York, &c. &c. workmen might have been easily found to effect this premature resurrection; but, in Scotland, we believe the offer of future independence could not have bribed the poorest peasant to the sacrilegious operation. The two men of science, therefore, were resolved, in the "witching time of night," to take the labor upon themselves; and, accordingly, being provided with a pick-axe, shovel and some other implements, they, about an hour after midnight, set out with caution and noiseless footsteps, through the village, to violate the spot

where so many generations of the natives of Kilwoody had, hitherto, rested in peace.

The church-yard of Kilwoody, was situated on a rising ground which seemed to have been fashioned by art for the purpose for which it was then employed. It was surrounded by a wall on the outside, nearly ten feet high, but little more than half that height in the interior. In some places, where this wall had been broken down, it was repaired, like many of the fences in Scotland, with rough, unshapen stones, the angular points of which, rudely fitting together, served to give it some degree of solidity without the use of mortar. We may here remark that the barren appearance of these fences, frequently impresses the English traveller in this country, as well as in Scotland, accustomed as he is, to the verdant enclosures of his own country, with an idea of sterility, which is, by no means, justly imputable to the soil. The night was serene and mild; but the multitude of stars which spangled the deep blue sky, made it lighter than the two surgeons wished for. Shrouded in thick great coats and fur travelling caps, and bearing the implements for disinterring the Dominie, they soon arrived at the church-yard, where the rough protuberances of the uneven walls enabled them easily to reach the top. Having attended the funeral for the sole purpose of noting the situation of the grave, they had no difficulty in immediately commencing their labor. This was comparatively easy, as the earth still lay, loose and light; yet, ere they had arrived at the coffin, the tender skin of their hands, unaccustomed to such friction, began to convey no very pleasant sensation. They persevered, however; and, at last, had the satisfaction of hearing, by the hollow sound, that they had reached the surface of John Bicker's narrow dwelling. In a little time, they cleared the whole extent, and with their tools, wrenching open the lid of the coffin, soon effected the resurrection of the Dominie.

"Where is the bag?" said one, to the other; and it was soon discovered that each had carelessly depended on the other for the provision of this necessary article. This was vexatious; for the risk of detection in the conveyance was thereby considerably increased. However, they were forced to trust to that good fortune, which had hitherto favored their enterprise, and, placing the body carefully on the grass, at some little distance, by the side of a distinguishable tomb-stone, they began, with alacrity, to re-fill the grave with earth and again make up the hillock, neatly covered with turf, which, to the eyes of a whole contemporary generation, marks the peaceful resting place of even the lowliest and humblest of the Scottish peasantry.

While they were employed in this operation, and had nearly completed their labor, they were alarmed by the sound of a deep hollow groan. It broke, for a moment only, the surrounding stillness; and, indeed, passed away almost as quick as the instant of its perception. The two surgeons, however started up, stared aghast at each other, and, without uttering a word, listened most attentively. Their whole souls for some moments seemed to be in their ears; but all was silent.

"Did not that seem like a groan?" muttered McGruel.

"Hush!" replied the other, catching hold of his friend's hand.

They again bent themselves in the attitude of listening; but all was still—the air was even calmly still, and they again began to adjust the turf.

"It must," said Chronic, in a low tone, "have been the sighing of the wind among the tombstones; and yet, in my ear, nothing could sound so like a groan."

"Let us make what haste we can," returned his friend, "there may be other living creatures beside ourselves, even in the precincts of this church-yard."

The moment their work at the grave was completed, they carried the body to the wall. There, placing a rope under the arm-pits, they slid it gently down the deep exterior; and, leaving it there, leaped back into the church-yard to secrete their tools in the corner of a dilapidated tomb, which, at a very remote period, had contained the bones of some favorite retainer of the ancient barons of Kilwoody. Every thing being prepared for their departure, McGruel first mounted the low wall, at the spot where he had deposited the corpse of the Dominie. Previous to his meditated descent on the outside, he darted his eye through the gloom below, as if measuring the extent of the leap, when suddenly uttering an exclamation of terror or surprise, he rushed back to his friend.

"Gracious God!" exclaimed the amazed surgeon, "he is moving from the wall!"

His companion, inspired more by curiosity than alarm, looked immediately over, and to his utter astonishment, beheld John Bicker, the dominie, seated, as well as he could distinguish, at some little distance on the ground.

"I must be certain," said Chronic, "that this is no delusion. Follow me."

So saying, he leaped from the wall and was immediately imitated by his companion. They ran to the spot, and, without giving themselves time for reflection, grasped the dominie in their arms

"Are you really a living man?" said McGruel, with great earnestness.

"Where am I?" returned the Dominie in a low, languid and feeble voice, which marked the extreme degree of debility to which he was reduced.

"Thank God!" answered Chronic, "we have come to deliver you from a death, at which the imagination shudders. Had we been but a few moments later you might have suffered the short but horrid consciousness of being in the grave."

The Dominie by his actions seemed unable to comprehend the meaning of their words, and appeared nearly fainting, when the two surgeons placed to his mouth a bottle of wine which they had brought as a cordial for themselves. The few drops he swallowed wonderfully revived him, preventing the rigor with which he seemed to be threatened; and McGruel disrobing himself of his great coat, wrapped it carefully round him. Whilst they were about this charitable act, John Bicker, by the feeble light, perceived the habiliments of mortality with which he was clothed, and, with a shuddering of horror, demanded an explanation.

"There is time enough for that," replied the surgeons, "when you are more recovered. Try if you are able to walk, with our support; we shall conduct you to our home, where you shall obtain the quiet repose and invigorating medicines you seem so much to need."

The Dominie felt sufficient strength to move along, leaning on the arms of the two surgeons. On their way they gave him a full explanation of the causes of his late condition; a narrative to which he listened with the deepest interest, intermingled with those shuddering emotions, which we feel on looking back at any dangerous situation in which we have been placed, our deliverance from which has been effected neither by our own wisdom nor courage, but by a fortunate circumstance upon which we could never again depend. It was at this moment that his new friends took an opportunity of setting forth to him, the necessity, the importance, and the blessings of temperance. It is needless to detail, to the reader, what was said on the subject, but every word sank deep into the heart of the Dominie. With a mind capable of higher pursuits, and an elevation of ideas, inspired by the partly classical education he had received, he now felt a loathing at the vulgar and sensual debauchery, into which the ardent sociality of his temper had seduced him. This frame of mind was, no doubt, strengthened by the recollections, which momentarily pressed upon his imagination, of the horrid fate, which seemed to have been averted from him by a special interposition of Providence.

"I'll make nae solemn promises," said he, as he raised his eyes to the multitude of stars which bespangled the deep, dark azure sky; I'll make nae solemn promises to heaven, for that, perhaps, would be a presumptuous confiding in my own strength; but let thae bonny, twinkling lights bear witness, at least, how I wish to become an altered man."

"This, to you," replied McGruel, "is a new starting post of existence; let every step of your future course be in the path of prudence and virtue."

The Dominie seemed absorbed, for a few moments, in deep abstraction. He had, evidently, made up his mind to some resolution which he did not then disclose; he only ended his reverie by the exclamation,

"All believe me dead; and but to one I shall be dead!"

On their way to the dwelling of the surgeons, they necessarily passed the public house of Saunders Glasse, where the schoolmaster had so often rioted away his substance and, so lately, endangered his existence. It is hard to describe the shuddering of horror, with which he approached the place. This was not a little increased by the sounds of jovial merriment, that arose from the drunken crew within. Begging his new friends to stop, for a moment, he applied his eye to a broken part of the window shutter and beheld his former companions, with joined hands, in a circle, round a large bowl of punch, reeling and shouting, with all the vociferation of delirious inebriety. The effect of this scene was heightened by the sable garb of mourning, still worn by the party, all of them having been, the preceding day, at the funeral. The Dominie, at this moment, could not resist the opportunity afforded him, of endeavoring, however ludicrously, to effect the reformation of his former associates. Raising his well known voice as much as his slowly recovered strength would permit him; the surgeons having, previously, thundered on the window shutters, with their fists, to command attention, he thus addressed them:

"Besotted drunkards! is the little reason that God has given you, so puir a gift, that you find your greatest pleasure in its destruction? Winna my awfu' fate warn you? Maun I come frae the grave to preach, to you, repentance?"

The momentary silence which followed this address was soon interrupted by drunken Davey Gourlay, who, striking his fists with great vehemence on the table, exclaimed,

"May I taste never anither drap, if that binna Johnny Bicker's voice and, dead or alive, de'il may care, we'll drink thegither;" so saying, he snatched up one of the bumpers staggered to-

wards the door, and the party on the outside might have soon been detected to have been of this earth's gross substance, had they not, immediately, withdrawn. Drunken Davey, disappointed in finding the object of his search, staggered back again. "It was Johnny Bicker's voice I'll swear," he exclaimed, "but what the de'il did he say?"

The whole company with the exception of Saunders Webster, expressed their total want of recollection; the latter, hiccupping as he spoke, asserted that he remembered it perfectly well.

"We were a' desired," said he, "to take a warning that people of reason had the gift of getting drunk in the grave."

"The very words!" vociferated all the party, "for mind ye," added drunken Davy, "the ither wairld is the land of spirits, and as this is Britain, why it maun be British spirits, the very words Saunders Glasse has painted aboun his door."

The accuracy of Davy's logic, was, without farther examination, taken for granted, the party again filled their bumpers and, as far as their growing insensibility would allow, the former scene of thoughtless uproar was resumed.

The two surgeons, without farther interruption, conducted the revived Dominie to their genteel, clean, and comfortable dwelling. Having supplied him cautiously with nourishment, they caused a bed to be prepared for that repose, which was chiefly wanting for the recovery of his strength. In a few moments he fell into a deep sleep and his attentive hosts, who visited him from time to time, beheld, with satisfaction, that his slumber was of a kindly nature which promised speedy renovation to his languid frame. He continued in this state the whole of the day and it was not till evening, that he awoke, wonderfully refreshed in body and mind, when he be-thought himself of putting in practice the project he had conceived in the early part of the morning. He arose, dressed himself in clothes which had been left for that purpose in his bed room. Fearful lest his new friends would oppose what they might consider his premature departure, he stole, softly, to the door; and, hoping to escape unperceived in the increasing darkness, cautiously crept along, taking the nearest way to his own home.

Tibby had, that evening, twenty times oftener than was necessary, stirred the large coal fire, till it blazed in the chimney, and trimmed the lamp, which hung over the mantle piece. She had busied herself all day to get rid of the uneasy thoughts which oppressed her; and during day light, assisted by the kind condolence of her neighbors, she had pretty well succeeded; but towards evening, as these visitors departed, the

dreary sense of her hopeless, lonely situation, almost overcome her. Among the peasantry of Scotland, the widow is supposed to possess a sacred claim on the good will and attention of all that surround her. Heaven is supposed, peculiarly, to interest itself in her cause, consecrating her blessings and avenging her injuries; yet with all this, Tibby, when necessarily left alone, felt as if the world did not now contain one being in whose interests she could participate. She looked around her, till every object that met her eye seemed to lay its heavy load upon her heart. She gazed at the glowing embers of the fire and hardly felt the scalding tears which trickled down her cheeks. She now turned to the bed, which, but yesterday, had exhibited the most mournful spectacle she had ever beheld. A nearer object now more deeply interested her, the vacant chair at the fireside, where her husband had held his seat, by prescriptive right; a magisterial throne, which Tibby, amid all her rebellions, had never dared to usurp. It was now empty and, as if to get rid of its for ever hopeless vacancy, with desparing sobs, she threw herself into it. The consciousness that she had been, to say the least, unkind and unrelenting, tore her heart with agony.

"Oh! that he had died in peace with me," cried she. "If I could hae seen him but for a moment. He was ower kind to me and I did nae deserve it—but nae matter," she added, bursting into a flood of tears, "it winna be lang afore we lie in ae cauld grave thegither."

At this moment the sound of some person at the door assailed her ear; but, how was she astonished, when she heard the well known voice of her husband, saying:

"Dinna be frightened, Tibby! dinna be frightened, my woman!"

She started from her seat and, looking round, beheld him within the threshold. Tibby trembled with agitation, without the power of uttering the faintest cry of terror.

"Dinna be frightened," reiterated the Dominie, "dinna be frightened, my lassie; not for the wairld's wealth wad I harm ye."

Saying these words, he made a motion to approach nearer, when, with a confused idea of supernatural danger, Tibby snatched up the large family Bible which lay upon the table. The sacred volume is, in Scotland, supposed to be the most effective shield with which a guiltless heart can be guarded in the dangerous intercourse with disembodied spirits, and Tibby grasped it firmly in her arms. She fixed her eyes, intently, on her husband's countenance and saw it not only beaming with affectionate regard, but that there was nothing the least unearthly in

its appearance. She soon found herself so far recovered, as, with faltering voice, to mutter something which seemed an inquiry as to the object of his awful visit.

"Ye ken, Tibby my dear," said the Dominie, "ye ken that your father, a wee while afore he died, sold a' his kye, and gev you the siller. Now ye never wad tell me where ye had hid it : this is my first business wi' ye, my woman."

"There, there," said Tibby, pointing with eagerness to a corner under the farthest bed post; "fifty-four pounds, saxteen shillings."

John easily found the money, and, securing it in his pocket :

"Now Tibby," said he, "gie me your hand ; will ye gang alang wi me ?"

"No ! no !" replied Tibby, while an icy coldness ran through her veins, "no ! not till God's time come."

"But I'm alive, woman," returned the Dominie, "alive and as well as ever I was in my life, I was only in a fit ; the doctors got me out of the grave ;—convince yourself that I am alive."

Ere Tibby was aware, she felt one of her hands grasped in both those of her husband.

"Do you not feel," he added, "that I am flesh and blood ?"

Tibby's terror yielded to the conviction of her senses, as she suffered her husband to impress the warm kiss of affection on her lips.

"I am a reformed man, Tibby," said he. "I see the folly, the madness of my former conduct——"

"And I see the cruelty of mine," interrupted his wife, as she hung upon his shoulder.

"Let us leave this place, for ever," returned the Dominie ; "my former worthless associates believe me dead, and we canna hae a better opportunity of parting wi' them ; with this little money we'll gang to Edinburgh and begin some line of business, where if industry, frugality and temperance, ever meet their reward, we maun thrive. Greet nae mair, Tibby, dry your e'en ; will ye come wi' me ?"

"Oh ! to the world's end," was the ready answer, and they both immediately set about making preparations for their departure.

The silver teaspoons, marked with husband and wife's initials joined in an involving cypher, the guidman's watch, articles which are hardly ever wanting in the dwellings of the Scottish peasantry, were easily stowed about their persons, and the more ponderous part of their property Tibby, by her husband's direction, transferred in writing to the care of the two surgeons. Thus prepared, they set out, the darkness of the night

favoring their concealment and were soon arm in arm, with the most vivid hopes and ardent resolutions on the great road to Edinburgh. Early next day, the whole village of Kilwoody was not a little alarmed by the news of the disappearance of the dry Dominie's widow. It was sagely conjectured, that the apparition of her husband had in revenge for her usage of him carried her away, bodily, to the other world. The whiskey topers at Saunders Glasse's had some confused remembrance of having seen or heard the phantom on the way to its unhallowed purpose, while not a few of the old women, on being made acquainted with the circumstance, perfectly recollecting perceiving an extraordinary blue flame, the preceding evening, hovering around the Dominie's dwelling. Some had even heard what they called an "awfu' and indescribable noise," which must have taken place at the moment, when the vengeful spirit flew through the air with his prey. Auld Alice blessed herself that John Bicker could have no quarrel with her, as she had made his grave clothes of the neatest pattern, and Tam Mowat, the wright, protested that wherever the soul of the dry Dominie might then be, he was sure his body was safe betwixt "sax good pieces of wood as ever were planed."

John Bicker and his wife, on their arrival at Edinburgh, rented a small store in the grass market, and laid out their little sum of money in dry goods and hosiery. They wrote an account of their proceedings, to their friends, the two doctors, who feeling a wish to promote their interests, furnished them with recommendations to several respectable persons. This increased their business and credit and every day saw them making gradual advances to a comfortable independence. John soon transferred his stock to larger premises in the Lawn Market. The rest of his history may be related in a few words. He at last settled near the Tron Kirk, at the time when the line of houses in High street joined that edifice, the South bridge not being then projected. Having been fortunate in his speculations as a wholesale merchant, he was chosen one of the baillies of the city. [This office is nearly the same as that of alderman in New York.] In this honorable situation, he acquitted himself with impartiality and considerable talent, and those who beheld him in the municipal chair, dressed, officially, in black, with the golden chain of dignity and the medallion of justice depending from his neck, could never have recognized in the grave magistrate, the drunken, dry Dominie of Kilwoody.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

THIS admirable ballad is from the pen of a poor schoolmistress named, JEAN ADAMS. It has been ascribed to Mr. Meckle, the translator of the Lusiad, but with faint authority. The sixth stanza, beginning, "The cauld blasts," was an interpolation of Dr. Beatie, the celebrated author of the "Minstrel."—WILLIS.

AND are ye sure the news is true ?
And are ye sure he's weel ?
Is this a time to think o' wark ?
Ye jaudes, fling by your wheel.
Is this a time to think o' wark,
When Colin's at the door ?
Rax me my cloak,—I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a' ;
There's little pleasure in the house,
When our gudeman's awa'

And gi'e to me my biggonet,
My bishop's satin gown,
For I maun tell the baillie's wife
That Colin's come to town.
My Turkey slippers maun gae on,
My hose o' pearl blue ;
'Tis a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.
For there's nae luck, &c.

Rise up and mak' a clean fireside ;
Put on the muckle pot ;
Gi'e little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday coat :
And mak' their shoon as black as sles,
Their hose as white as snaw ;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been lang awa'.
For there's nae luck, &c.

There's twa fat hens upon the bauk,
They've fed this month and mair ;
Mak' haste and thraw their necks about,

That Colin weel may fare ;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw ;
For wha can tell how Colin fared,
When he was far awa',
For there's nae luck, &c.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His very breath like caller air ;
His very foot has music in't,
As he comes up the stair.
And will I see his face again ?
And will I hear him speak ?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,—
In troth I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck, &c.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,
That thirl'd through my heart,
They're a' blown by, I ha'e him safe,
Till death we'll never part ;
But what puts parting in my head ?
It may be far awa' ;
The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw.
For there's nae luck, &c.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content.
I ha'e na mair to crave ;
Could I but live to mak' him blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave :
And will I see his face again ?
And will I hear him speak ?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,—
In troth, I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck, &c.

FRIENDSHIP WHICH NEVER SHALL FADE.

In the tempest of life when the wave and the gale,
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart,
Look aloft and be firm and be fearless of heart.

If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow
With a smile for each joy and a tear for each wo,
Should betray thee ; when sorrow like clouds are
arrayed,
Look aloft to that friendship which never shall fade.

Should they who are dearest—the son of thy heart,
The wife of thy bosom, in sorrow depart,
Look aloft from the darkness and dust of the
tomb,
To the soil where affection is ever in bloom.

And O ! when death comes in terrors to cast,
His fears o'er the future, his pall o'er the past,
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart
And a smile in thine eye, look aloft and depart.

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

THERE is no greater drawback to the progress of scientific knowledge, than the ridicule and opposition of those who know little or nothing of the science in which discoveries are said to have been made by some deep searcher into its first principles. Every great discoverer has been hindered and perplexed by the petty objections and denunciations of those who were either too indolent, prejudiced, or ignorant to examine into the ground work of his theories. The world has been kept back for ages by the crude and weak cavillings of mere pretenders to science, who by direct appeals to an ignorant public, have hindered the promulgation and adoption of great discoveries for years, until the mind that conceived them has taken its departure from its earthly abode.

Many men of great learning have also brought their strongest argument against the truth of theories which subsequent demonstration has proved to the world to be true. But such in the general were men who had not original minds. They knew what they had learned, but not what they had discovered. Beyond the boundary which their masters had drawn they could not penetrate, and placed themselves as watchful sentinels upon those confines, resolved that none other should pass them, and get bewildered in the chaos which they believed lay without.

Most men are very ignorant as to what they do most love. They live here in a state of so little honesty, that they deceive themselves equally with others in respect to their internal thoughts and affections; and when they are placed after death in situations that require a full development of the secret things of their souls, they will voluntarily acknowledge and embrace much that they here denied, and cast off much which they had thought they acknowledged and loved.

Man alone, of all created things, appears on his own account to want the full measure of his happiness; because he alone has left the order of his creation. He stands, even at the present period, half convinced of the reality of the future state. It is the design of revelation to restore to

him that moral condition in which he will possess as necessarily the consciousness of immortality as the brute does that of existence; for a consciousness of existence, together with that of union with God, is a consciousness of eternal life. Let us come to the Bible, then, with no hopes of arbitrary reward, and no fears of arbitrary punishment; but let us come to it as to that which, if followed aright, will produce a condition of mind of which happiness will be the *natural and necessary consequence*.

How many ought to feel, enjoy, and understand poetry who are quite insensible to it! How many ought not to attempt to create it who waste themselves in the fruitless enterprise! It must be a sickly fly that has no palate for honey. It must be a conceited one that tries to make it.

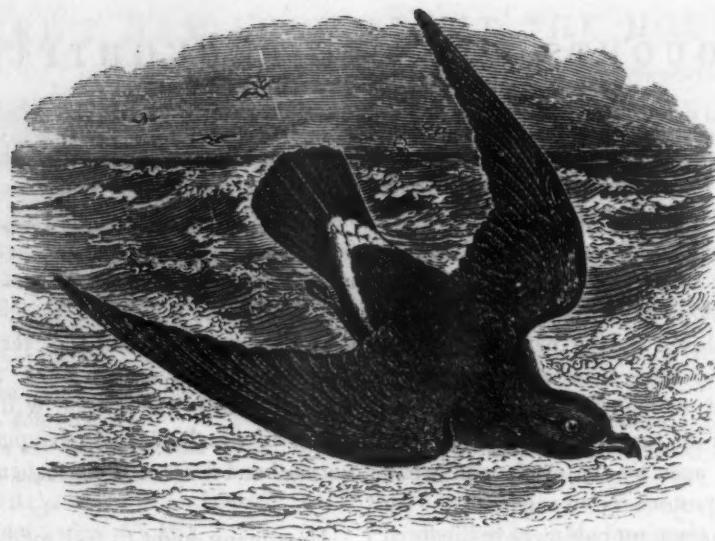
There can be poetry in the writing of few men; but it ought to be in the hearts and lives of all.

An infinite variety of evils perpetually occur from habits of delay and carelessness, which are nourished by improper confidence in the extension of our lives.

Man is accustomed to trust in his own intelligence, prudence and strength. Where he can see and can regard himself as having the ability to provide for himself, and manage for his own defence, there he feels much courage; but in the dark, and without known means of provision and security, he not only dreads every known enemy, but his imagination peoples the darkness with foes many and terrible. Death is regarded as a monster shrouded in darkness, and attended by all the genii of destruction and misery.

All this thinking, and talking, and vaguely hoping for a state for performing our duties, is a very different thing from performing them.

This world is designed only as a state of preparation for the future, and death strikes the measure of that preparation and records it to eternity.



BIRDS AND SONG.—No. VII.—THE STORMY PETREL.

THE STORMY PETREL.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

A THOUSAND miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea ;
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast ;
The sails are scattered abroad, like weeds,
The strong masts shake like quivering reeds,
The mighty cables, and iron chains,
The hull, which all earthly strength disdains,
They strain and they crack, and hearts like stone
Their natural hard proud strength disown.

Up and down ! Up and down !
From the base of the wave to the billow's
crown,
And amid the flashing and feathery foam
The Stormy Petrel finds a home—
A home, if such a place may be,
For her who lives on the wide wide sea,
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
And only seeketh her rocky lair
To warm her young, and to teach them to spring
At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing !

O'er the Deep ! O'er the Deep !
Where the whale, and the shark, and the sword-
fish sleep,
Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
The Petrel telleth her tale—in vain ;
For the mariner curseth the warning bird
Who bringeth him news of the storms unheard !
Ah ! thus does the prophet of good or ill,

Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still ;
Yet *he* ne'er falters :—So Petrel ! spring
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing !

THE STORMY PETREL.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

THIS is the bird that sweeps o'er the sea—
Fearless and rapid and stormy is he ;
He never forsakes the billowy roar,
To dwell in calm on the tranquil shore,
Save where his mate from the tempest's shocks
Protects her young in the splintered rocks.

Birds of the sea, they rejoice in storms ;
On the top of the wave you may see their forms ;
They run and dive and they whirl and fly,
Where the glittering foam-spray breaks on high ;
And against the force of the strongest gale,
Like phantom ships they soar and sail.

All over the ocean far from land,
When the storm-king rises, dark and grand,
The mariner sees the Petrel meet
The fathomless waves with steady feet,
And a tireless wing and a dauntless breast,
Without a home or a hope to rest.

So, mid the contest of toil and life,
My Soul ! when the billows of rage and strife
Are tossing high,—and the heavenly blue
Is shrouded by vapor of sombre hue—
Like the Petrel wheeling o'er foam and spray,
Onward and upward pursue thy way !

THE RELATION OF BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

BY MRS. FARRAR.

THE important relation which sisters bear to brothers cannot be fully appreciated, without a greater knowledge of the world and its temptations to young men, than girls in their teens can be supposed to possess; and therefore I would beg you to profit by my experience in this matter, and to believe me when I assure you, that your companionship and influence may be powerful agents in preserving your brothers from dissipation, in saving them from dangerous intimacies, and maintaining in their minds a high standard of female excellence.

If your brothers are younger than you, encourage them to be perfectly confidential with you; win their friendship by your sympathy in all their concerns, and let them see that their interests and their pleasures are liberally provided for in the family arrangements. Never disclose their little secrets however unimportant they may seem to you; never pain them by any ill-timed joke, never repress their feelings by ridicule; but be their tenderest friend, and then you may become their ablest adviser. If separated from them by the course of school or college education, make a point of keeping up your intimacy by full, free, and affectionate correspondence; and when they return to the paternal roof, at that awkward age between youth and manhood, when reserve creeps over the mind, like an impenetrable veil, suffer it not to interpose between you and your brothers. Cultivate their friendship and intimacy with all the address and tenderness you possess; for it is of unspeakable importance to them that their sisters should be their confidential friends. Consider the loss of a ball or party, for the sake of making the evening pass pleasantly to your brothers at home, as a small sacrifice; one you should unhesitatingly make. If they go into company with you, see that they are introduced to the most desirable acquaintances, and show them that you are interested in their acquitting themselves well.

If you are so happy as to have elder brothers, you should be equally assiduous in cultivating their friendship, though the advances must of course be differently made. As they have long been accustomed to treat you as a child, you may

meet with some repulses when you aspire to become a companion and a friend; but do not be discouraged by this. The earlier maturity of girls, will soon render you their equal in sentiment, if not in knowledge, and your ready sympathy will soon convince them of it. They will be agreeably surprised, when they find their former plaything and messenger become their quick-sighted and intelligent companion, understanding at a glance what is passing in their hearts; and love and confidence on your part will soon be repaid in kind. Young men often feel the want of a confidential friend of the softer sex, to sympathize with them in their little affairs of sentiment, and happy are those who find one in a sister.

Once possessed of an elder brother's confidence, spare no pains to preserve it; convince him, by the little sacrifices of personal convenience and pleasure which you are willing to make for him, that when you do oppose his wishes, it is on principle and for conscience' sake; then will you be a blessing to him, and, even when differing from you, he will love and respect you the more for your adherence to a high standard.

So many temptations beset young men, of which young women know nothing, that it is of the utmost importance that your brothers' evenings should be happily passed at home, that their friends should be your friends, that their engagements should be the same as yours, and that various innocent amusements should be provided for them in the family circle. Music is an accomplishment, chiefly valuable as a home enjoyment, as rallying round the piano the various members of the family, and harmonizing their hearts as well as voices, particularly in devotional strains. I know no more agreeable and interesting spectacle, than that of brothers and sisters playing and singing together those elevated compositions in music and poetry which gratify the taste and purity of the heart, whilst their fond parents sit delighted by. I have seen and heard an elder sister thus leading the family choir, who was the soul of harmony to the whole household, and whose life was a perfect example of those virtues which

I am here endeavoring to inculcate. Let no one say, in reading this chapter, that too much is here required of sisters, that no one can be expected to lead such a self-sacrificing life; for the sainted one to whom I refer, was all that I would ask any sister to be, and a happier person never lived. "To do good and make others happy," was her rule of life, and in this she found the art of making herself so.

Sisters should be always willing to walk, ride, visit with their brothers, and esteem it a privilege to be their companions. It is worth while to learn innocent games for the sake of furnishing brothers with amusement and making home the most agreeable place to them.

If your brothers take an interest in your personal appearance and dress, you should encourage the feeling by consulting their taste, and sacrificing any little fancy of your own to a decided dislike of theirs. Brothers will generally be found strongly opposed to the slightest indecorum in sisters; even those who are ready enough to take advantage of freedom of manners in other girls, have very strict notions with regard to their own sisters. Their intercourse with all sorts of men enables them to judge of the construction put upon certain actions, and modes of dress and speech, much better than women can; and you will do well to take their advice on all such points.

Brothers and sisters may greatly aid each other in judging of their friends of the opposite sex. Brothers can throw important light upon the character and merits of young men, because they see them when acting out their natures before their comrades, and relieved from the restraints of the drawing-room; and you can in return, greatly assist your brothers in coming to wise and just conclusions concerning their female friends. Your brothers may be very much indebted to the quicker penetration of women into each others' characters, and saved by your discernment from being fascinated by qualities that are not of sterling value; but, in order to have the influence necessary to such important ends, you must be habitually free from a spirit of detraction, candid in all your judgments, and ever ready to admire whatever is lovely and good in your own sex. If, when you dissent from your brother's too favorable opinion of a lady, he can with any justice charge you with a prejudice against her family, or a capricious dislike of her, your judgment, however, correct, will have no weight, and he will be very likely to become not only the lady's champion, but her lover.

If your brothers have received a classical education and are studiously inclined, you may derive great assistance from them in the cultivation

of your own mind, and bind them still closer to you in the delightful companionship of literary pursuits.

I have been told by men, who had passed unharmed through the temptations of youth, that they owed their escape from many dangers to the intimate companionship of affectionate and pure-minded sisters. They have been saved from a hazardous meeting with idle company by some home engagement, of which their sisters were the charm; they have refrained from mixing with the impure, because they would not bring home thoughts and feelings which they could not share with those trusting and loving friends; they have put aside the wine-cup and abstained from stronger potations, because they would not profane with their fumes the holy kiss, with which they were accustomed to bid their sisters good night.

The duties of sisters to each other are so obvious and well understood, that it will be needless to enter fully upon them here. If your heart is right towards God, and you feel that the great business of life is the education of your immortal spirit for eternity, you will easily bear with the infirmities of others, because you will be fully impressed with a sense of your own; and, when you can amicably bear and forbear, love will come in, to soften every asperity, heal every little wound, and make a band of sisters "helpers of each other's joy."

A few cases may arise, in the most harmonious families, wherein sisters may not fully understand each other's rights, and may therefore ignorantly trespass upon them; such, for instance, as where one of the family is very fond of reading, and wishes to have a certain portion of her time uninterruptedly given to that employment, and a sister keeps interrupting her by conversation, or appeals to her for aid in some lesson or piece of work. Sometimes a great reader is made the butt of the rest of the family for that very valuable propensity, and half her pleasure in it destroyed by its being made a standing joke among her brothers and sisters.

Sisters should as scrupulously regard each other's rights of property, as they would those of a guest staying in the house; never helping themselves without leave to the working materials, writing implements, drawing apparatus, books, or clothing of each other. It is a mistake to suppose that the nearness of the relationship makes it allowable; the more intimate our connexion with any one, the more necessary it is to guard ourselves against taking unwarrantable liberties. For the very reason that you are obliged to be so much together, you should take care to do nothing disagreeable to each other.

Love is a plant of delicate growth, and, though

it sometimes springs up spontaneously, it will never flourish long and well, without careful culture; and when I see how it is cultivated in some families, the wonder is, not that it does not spread so as to overshadow the whole circle, but that any sprig of it should survive the rude treatment it meets with.

Genuine politeness is a great fosterer of family love; it allays accidental irritation, by preventing harsh retorts and rude contradictions; it softens the boisterous, stimulates the indolent, suppresses selfishness, and, by forming a habit of consideration for others, harmonizes the whole. Politeness begets politeness, and brothers may be easily won by it to leave off the rude ways they bring home from school or college. Never receive any little attention without thanking them for it, never ask a favor of them but in cautious terms, never reply to their questions in monosyllables, and they will soon be ashamed to do such things themselves. You should labor, by precept and example to convince them, that no one can have really good manner abroad, who is not habitually polite at home.

Elder sisters exert a very great influence over the younger children of a family, either for good or for evil. If you are impatient, unfair in your judgments, or assume too much authority, you injure the tempers of these little ones, make them jealous of their rights, and render your own position a very unpleasant one; whereas, if you are patient and kind, and found your pretensions to dictate, not on your age, but on truth and justice, the younger children will readily allow your claims.

Young children are excellent judges of the motives and feelings of those who attempt to control them; and, if you would win their love, and dispose them to comply with your reasonable requests, you must treat them with perfect candor and uprightness. Never attempt to cheat, even the youngest, into a compliance with your wishes; for, though you succeed at the time, you lessen your influence, by the loss of confidence which follows detection.

With every disposition to treat the younger ones kindly, elder sisters are often discouraged and discomfited by what they consider the over indulgence of their parents towards the younger members of the family; but where this complaint is well founded, much is still in their power. They can, by judicious conduct, do a great deal to counteract the bad effects of this parental fondness, and make the little ones ashamed to take a mean advantage of it. The very indulgent are seldom just; now children value justice and strict adherence to promises more than indulgence, and you may mould them to your will by the exercise of those higher qualities.

It is the duty of elder sisters to take a lively interest in the education of the younger children, and to use all the advantages which they have received, for the benefit of those that are coming forward in the same line. They should aid their parents in the choice of schools, and ascertain what is actually learnt at them. Where circumstances render it necessary that the elder children should assist in teaching the younger ones, it should be done cheerfully; not as a duty merely, but as a useful discipline. Some writers upon education consider teaching others as the best and most effectual way of learning one's self. When Madame de Genlis described what she considered as a perfect system of education, she represented her models as taking younger children to teach as a part of their own instruction. It has been said, that we are never sure that we know a thing thoroughly, until we have taught it to another.

If the duty of teaching has its advantages, it also has its dangers; it is a very fatiguing occupation, and ought not to occupy too much of a young person's time. Where this is required of a daughter, other home-duties should be remitted, and her day should be so apportioned as to leave her ample time for exercise and recreation, or the labor may prove injurious to her health. It is very seldom that one, who has never attempted to teach others, can duly appreciate the labor of it; and a father so circumstanced, will sometimes think that as many hours may be given to it as he gives to his business; but this is a great mistake; nothing is so heavy a tax on mind and body, as the act of communicating knowledge to other minds; and the more intelligently and lovingly it is done, the greater is the fatigue.

This duty should not be allowed to interfere with the further progress of the young teacher, for though it may be useful to go over old ground, with those who are learning, she should still be careful not to narrow her mind down to the standard of their habits; but refresh and invigorate it, at the same time, by exploring new fields of literature.

Those who are not called upon to teach younger brothers and sisters, may yet do them great good by exercising their minds in conversation, and by communicating useful information to them in their daily intercourse. The reverse of this I have sometimes observed with sorrow. I have seen amiable and well informed girls act towards these little ones, as if they were not at all responsible for the impressions they made on their tender minds. They would mislead a young inquirer by false information, and consider it a good joke; or they would harrow up young and susceptible minds by frightful stories, which, though amusing at the time, could not fail to send

the little dears trembling to bed, afraid of the dark, and unable to sleep for terror. Where, however, the elder children have been properly trained by the parents, such mistakes cannot occur, and where they have not, it would require a volume to do justice to the subject.

It is as necessary for those who are much with children, to have right notions about the manner of treating them, as for the parents themselves; it is therefore very desirable that elder sisters should read some of the excellent works which have been written on education. Among these, I would particularly recommend, Edgeworth's "Practical Education," Mrs. Hamilton's "Letters on the Elementary Principles of Education,"

"Hints on Nursery Discipline," a valuable little book, republished in Salem a few years ago, and a late French work of great merit, entitled "L'Education Progressive," by Madame Necker de Saussure. These works are as entertaining as they are instructive, and great pleasure might be found, in testing some of the theories and maxims, which they contain, by the living experience of a family circle. By studying the subject of education, elder sisters would learn to regard the children around them, not merely as necessary interruptions and occasional playthings, but as moral and intellectual problems, which they may find profit in solving.—*The Young Lady's Friend.*

SEPTEMBER.

BY G. WILCOX.

THE sultry summer past, September comes,
Soft twilight of the slow-declining year ;—
All mildness, soothing loneliness and peace :
The fading season ere the falling come,
More sober than the buxom blooming May,
And therefore less the favorite of the world,
But dearest month of all to pensive minds.
'Tis now far spent ; and the meridian sun,
Most sweetly smiling with attempered beams,
Sheds gently down a mild and grateful warmth
Beneath its yellow lustre, groves and woods,
Checkered by one night's frost with various hues ;
While yet no wind has swept a leaf away,
Shine doubly rich. It were a sad delight
Down the smooth stream to glide, and see it tinged
Upon each brink, with all the gorgeous hues,
The yellow, red, or purple of the trees,
That, singly, or in tufts, or forests thick,

Adorn the shores ; to see, perhaps, the side
Of some high mount reflected far below
With its bright colors, intermixed with spots
Of darker green. Yes, it were sweetly sad
To wander in the open fields, and hear,
E'en at this hour, the noonday hardly past,
The lulling insects of the summer's night :
To hear, where lately buzzing swarms were heard,
A lonely bee long roving here and there
To find a single flower, but all in vain ;
Then, rising quick, and with a louder hum,
In widening circles round and round his head,
Straight by the listener flying clear away,
As if to bid the fields a last adieu ;
To hear, within the woodland's sunny side,
Late full of music, nothing, save, perhaps,
The sound of nutshells, by the squirrel dropped
From some tall beech, fast falling through the leaves.

MEN, in general, fall in love at first with a neatly turned ankle, a pair of red pouting lips, or a couple of bright eyes—or mayhap, with a tastily made and well fitting silk gown, or a white kid glove. The mind, or character of the fair enslaver is rarely considered, until the floundering swain is fairly caught in the meshes of love. This is the reason why so many find after marriage that they have wedded unwisely.

JEREMY TAYLOR has an excellent remark in reference to good deeds and charitable actions. He says—"He who hath done a good turn, should so forget it, as not to speak of it: but he that boasts it, or upbraids it, hath paid himself, and lost the nobleness of the charity." Set this down as a rule, and how few of us can claim the reward of charity, seeing that we have become impatient, and helped ourselves to a remuneration.

For Arthur's Magazine.

THE LESSON OF MISFORTUNE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MARMONTEL.

BY ALBERT ROLAND.

THAT is a noble courage which enables one to brave death or subdue affliction, but there is a courage which, I believe, is still more rare, though not less admirable. I will recall an example—the history of which was one day related to me, by Watelet, in the groves of Moulin-Ioli.

Watelet's course of life was as well calculated to bring happiness as that of any other man I have ever known. His taste was widely extended; he loved all the arts, and his house possessed many attractions for men of letters and artists. He devoted himself to the arts and literary pursuits, not with that brilliant success which awakens and provokes envy, but with that degree of talent which solicits indulgence, and which, without ostentation, amuses the leisure of a modest solitude or of some friendly society; wise enough to confine there its circle of renown, without seeking in the world either admirers or enemies. Add to these advantages a remarkable amenity of manners, a delicate probity, a politeness, always careful to keep the self-love of others, in constant accordance with itself, and you will have an idea of a life, innocently voluptuous. Such was the life of Watelet.

Every body knew the philosophical retreat he had built upon the banks of the Seine. I sometimes visited this place, and on one occasion found there a newly married pair, who seemed much delighted with each other. The husband was still young and the bride was hardly eighteen years of age. Watelet was evidently, happy himself in their happiness, and their manner seemed to render him thanks for some favor which he had conferred upon them. As they spoke French, as purely as we did, I was surprised to hear them say that they resided in Holland and, about starting for that country, had come to bid adieu to M. Watelet. This excited my curiosity and when, after dinner, they had gone, I expressed my desire to know something more of this couple,

so happy and, apparently, so grateful. Watelet drew me into a corner of his enchanted isle, and being seated :

"Listen," said he, "and you will see an instance of honor saved from shipwreck by virtue.

"I lately made a voyage to Holland for the purpose of seeing a country, the possession of which, man disputes with the ocean and which commerce enriches in spite of nature. I carried a letter of introduction to a rich merchant, named Odelman, a gentleman as renowned for his hospitality as for closeness in his business transactions. In his counting-house and at his table, I met with a young Frenchman, of extreme modesty, who bore, the name of Oliver only. Odelman, who was very simple in his habits, treated him as a friend and equal, but the young man, with an indescribable air of respectful dignity, kept his place; you would have supposed him an obedient and attentive son, serving a father from motives of affection.

"I treated him with an openness and freedom of manner which seemed to touch him. He replied in a dignified tone, when he was addressed, but with an humble and embarrassed air. At table he spoke little, but his well chosen expressions, and the propriety of his language announced an educated and well bred man. After dinner he offered, in the most obliging manner, to do any thing which would contribute to my pleasure whilst I remained in Holland. I did not wish to abuse his kindness, but begged him to aid, me with his counsels, in regard to my expenses, and such purchases as I might desire to make. He not only gave his advice, freely, but added the most amiable and affectionate attentions.

"I attempted to ascertain what had brought him to Holland. He replied to my question, 'Misfortune!' and did not seem disposed to say more with regard to the subject.

"We passed, together, every moment that he

was disengaged, and with a complaisance which my curiosity may have sometimes fatigued, but never annoyed, he pointed out to me every thing which was interesting. He showed me that although the commercial relations of this country, extended to every people on the globe, she preserved her existence by unwearied industry and courage; a constant vigilance being necessary to maintain and defend her dykes and her liberty. Although he was grateful toward his new country, Oliver, never spoke of it without showing, that the esteem he felt for Holland was mingled with regrets and reminiscences of his native land.

"Ah! if France," he would say, "had done, to assist nature, the fourth of that which Holland has done to subdue her, what a country it would be. I cannot but admire, in the manners, the laws, and the politics of this nation, the prodigies which labor has effected."

"You may readily imagine that I conceived a deep affection for him.

"The interesting young man," said I, to Odelman, "how can I say enough in his praise. But it is to you, doubtless, I am indebted for his particular attentions."

"Not at all," replied he; "you are a Frenchman and he adores his country. I am very happy, however, that it has given him to me. All the estimable qualities that you can imagine, are united in him; fidelity, intelligence, indefatigable application, clear and rapid apprehension, an orderly mind which nothing escapes, and above all, an economy!—Ah! he knows, well, the worth of gold!"

"This last specification in his praise was not exactly suited to my taste, and to excuse it I observed that to be avaricious was a privilege of those in adversity.

"Avaricious!" replied the Hollander, "he is neither avaricious nor covetous. I am sure that the property of another person has no temptations for him. He loves that only which belongs to him, of which he is so wisely parsimonious and in the management of which, is so careful that he is even the wonder of the Hollanders themselves."

"Nothing, however," said I, "has dimmed his nobleness of soul. He has spoken to me of your riches and those of your countrymen without any degree of envy."

"Oh! he is not at all covetous, as I have told you. He does not even possess that necessary cupidity which is the soul of our commerce. I have often proposed to him to risk, with mine, the proceeds of his labor. "No!" he has said, "I have nothing to risk; the little I have is necessary to me," and whenever he has yielded to my persuasions, and ventured some trifling amount

to the perils of the sea, I have seen him so cruelly agitated, about the result, as to be unable to sleep. Like the ant, he is content with that which he accumulates by his own labor without complaining because the amount is not greater; seeming to want nothing, refusing all assistance, and preserving an air of independence. For instance, you see him decently clad; well! that blue coat, upon which a grain of dust has never reposed in peace, has been worn by him for six years. He did me the favor to dine with me today, but nothing is more rare, although he knows that he might regard my table as his own. He prefers managing, himself, this article of his expenses; indeed, his frugality is so great that he finds means to economise even with regard to the necessities of life. But what is most inexplicable to me, is, the manner in which he disposes of these savings. I had at first supposed that his hoardings were lavished in some improper self-indulgence, but the propriety of his conduct and the good sense he always displayed removed at once any such suspicion. I cannot, now, imagine any other reason for his singular conduct than that, impatient to see his country again, he had sent there his little fortune as he has earned it, and conceals in his own breast the desire he feels to return.'

"As there was nothing more simple nor more probable I came to the same conclusion; but, before my departure, I learned, more justly, to appreciate this rare and virtuous young man.

"My dear countryman," said I to him, on the last day of my stay in Holland; "I am about to return to Paris; shall I experience the chagrin of being useless to you when I get there? I have afforded you the pleasure of obliging me, at your ease and as much as you desired; do not deny me some revenge."

"I will not," replied he; "in return for these little attentions, the importance of which you greatly magnify. I shall come, this evening, to desire you to perform a service, which is to me, at least of an exceedingly interesting nature. I forewarn you that I am about to make you the depository of a secret; but I do so without any fear or hesitation as your name, alone, will guarantee its safety."

"I promised him to guard it, faithfully, and, the same evening, he came, bringing with him a casket of gold.

"Here," said he, "are five hundred livres, the fruit of three years' savings, and a note, signed by myself, which will indicate the use for which I desire it to be employed. In applying it, you will have the goodness to take receipts and transmit them to me."

"After the gold was counted I read the note,

which was signed Oliver Salvary. What was my surprise at its contents; it desired the payment of a number of debts contracted by the purchase of articles of luxury; a thousand crowns to a jeweller, a thousand to a cabinet maker, an hundred livres for dresses, as much for lace and the rest to a perfumer.

"' You are astonished,' said he, 'but you do not know all. I have already paid, thanks to heaven, for three hundred livres of folly and it will still be a long time before I am entirely released. Must I tell you, alas! that I am a man dishonored in my own country and am laboring, here, to remove the spot which rests upon my name. In the mean time I may die, insolvent, and I wish to have in you, sir, a witness who will attest to the desire I have shown and the efforts I have made to repair my misfortunes and to remove my shame. This, then, is my testament which I beg that, if I die you will execute, so that some effort may be made to prevent any stain from resting on my memory.'

"' You will live, you will have time,' said I, 'to cause this misfortune of your youth to be forgotten. But if, to render you content, it is only necessary to have a faithful witness of your sentiments and conduct, I am more capable of filling that office than, perhaps, you imagine; and you may, in entire confidence, open your heart fully to me.'

"' I commence by avowing,' said he, with a sigh, 'that all my misfortunes have sprung entirely from my own misconduct and that my faults are, inexcusable. My profession, essentially exacts the most rigid probity and the first law of that probity is, to avoid disposing of any but one's own wealth. I made bad calculations—it was my duty to have done otherwise,—my foolish imprudence was, on that account, no less criminal.'

"' My birth, which conferred on me an illustrious name, the public esteem transmitted by my fathers to their children, which I enjoyed, my youth, some success in cases where circumstances conspired in my favor, all seemed to give promise of a rapid and brilliant fortune; yet it was this very advantageous position at the commencement of life which was the cause of my ruin.

"' A wealthy man, M. d'Amene, who regarded my prospects as infallible, dared to found, upon them, the happiness of his daughter. He made proposals of marriage and a mutual affection springing up between Adrienne and myself, when we became acquainted, I acceded joyfully to his proposition and we were united. She is no more; but if she still lived and I were to select a wife, she would be my choice. Yes, I swear,

it would be thee my amiable Adrienne, whom I would choose amongst a thousand! They might possibly be more beautiful, but that tenderness, that goodness, that charming simplicity, that soul full of wisdom and candor which distinguished thee who else could ever possess?'

"' In uttering these words his face was raised to heaven as if he, there, sought his departed wife, and his eyes became moistened with tears.

"' Do not,' added he, 'do not attribute to her will any thing that I have done. The innocent cause of my misfortune she never suspected it. In the midst of the illusions, by which I had surrounded her, she was far from perceiving the abyss to which I had conducted her, by a path, strewed with flowers. Loving her tenderly before marriage and still more deeply enamored of her, when she became my own, I thought I could never do enough to gratify her. In comparison to the passion with which I burned, her timid tenderness, her sensibility, tempered by modesty seemed like coldness. "To induce her to love me with the same deep affection I felt for her," I said, "I would intoxicate her with happiness." Great heaven! how dangerous is the passion which induces one to give himself up to the exclusive desire of pleasing a wife!

"' I took a commodious house, and furnished it, in the most elegant and costly style; and, without waiting for the expressed wishes of my wife, procured every luxury, invented by fashion and taste. A society chosen and formed in accordance with her inclinations, surrounded her, and nothing was left undone which could render her home agreeable.

"' My wife was too young to feel the necessity of regulating our expenses or of curtailing them. Ah! if she had, for a moment, suspected what I was risking how resolutely would she have opposed me. But in bringing me a rich dowry she had a right to believe that I had a competency and she saw nothing around her which conflicted with the seemliness of my condition. In comparison with the establishments of her friends she saw nothing but what was proper and, indeed, decent. Alas! I thought with her. Adrienne, however, with her modesty and sweet ingenuousness would say "I cannot be insensible to the cares you give yourself to render me happy, but it is unnecessary to incur such great expense. You love me and that is sufficient to excite the envy of all my associates. What pleasure do you take in exciting it still more, by wishing me to surpass them in external luxuries? Leave them some advantages, at least. Let frivolous tastes and vain superfluities be their lot, love and happiness, mine." This delicacy delighted me, but did not correct my fault. I replied, it was

for my own gratification I pursued this course, and that those things which seemed luxurious only rendered our house more elegant; that such taste as added to our enjoyment was never dear, and that I would not go beyond this point. I deceived her and deceived, or rather blinded myself. I knew very well that I was exceeding my present income but I felt no uneasiness on this account, satisfied that the proceeds of my labor would soon make up any deficiency, and happy in the thought that my wife, would be, in the mean time, enjoying herself. Every one applauded the efforts I made to render her happy. "Could I do less for her? Could I, indeed, do enough?" This was the public voice, or, at least, that of our friends. My father-in-law, alone, saw with displeasure these lavish expenditures, this emulation of luxury sufficient he said to shake the most solid fortunes, and spoke to me, with regard to it, in an excited tone. I replied, gently, that this course would never induce me to commit any folly; that he might rely upon my prudence. I afterwards learned the impression which this manner of respectfully disregarding his cautions, made upon my father-in-law, and what a bitter resentment he conceived and harbored against me after that time. The day approached when I expected to become a father, and that day, which I awaited with an impatience and joy hitherto unknown to my heart, that day which I anticipated as the most delightful of my life proved the most mournful. It took from me both mother and child. I fell under the stroke into an abyss of grief. I will not attempt to describe its poignancy and depth; to have an idea of such grief, which does not find any adequate expression in outward signs, it must be felt.

"Whilst I was still overwhelmed with the first keen pangs of sorrow, my father-in-law, after some words of condolence, informed me, through his attorney, that he had still the right to reclaim the dowry I had received by his daughter. Indignant at his haste I replied that I was ready to give it up at any time and the next day the dowry again became his property. Besides this, the diamonds, jewelry and costly furniture, which I had purchased for my wife, for he had a legal right to seize upon them, became his spoil. I represented to him the inhumanity of compelling me, after an union of eighteen months, to submit to so cruel a law. But with the impatience and avidity of a rapacious heir-at-law, regardless of justice, he availed himself of his legal right. I was compelled to yield and this hard despoliation soon became known. Then the envious, for my happiness, alas! how fleeting! had made me envied, hastened to punish me for my few mo-

ments of enjoyment; under a cloak of sympathy in deplored they divulged my ruin. My friends did not show the same ardor to serve as my enemies to injure me; they agreed that I had been in too great haste to enjoy the pleasures of life. What they said was true but they reserved their remarks till it was too late; they should have expressed these opinions, when partaking of my entertainments. But you, sir, who have a knowledge of the world, know how much indulgence it has for a spendthrift up to the moment of his ruin. Mine was made public and my creditors, growing uneasy soon came to me, in crowds. I did not wish to deceive them, and, exposing fully my situation, offered them all that remained, in part payment of their claims, begging time only to enable me to liquidate such as remained unsettled. Some were reasonable and courteous, but others, alleging the wealth of my father-in-law, said, it was his place to give me time, for that, in seizing the effects of his daughter, he had taken what, justly, belonged to them. What shall I say was the result? I was reduced to the alternatives of escaping from their clutches, of blowing out my brains, or going to prison.

"That night, monsieur, which I passed in the anguish of shame and despair, between ruin and death, should, for ever, serve as a lesson and an example. A man moved, at heart, by honest and good principles, whose only crime was to have depended, inconsiderately, upon slight hopes; esteemed and honored, on an easy road to fortune, to become suddenly marked with infamy and devoted to contempt, condemned to quit life or to pass a miserable existence in exile or in prison; disowned by his father-in-law; abandoned by his friends; no longer daring to show himself openly, and too happy to be able, in some solitary and inaccessible cave, to hide himself from pursuit! In the midst of horrors, engendered by such a situation as this, I passed the longest of nights. Ah! I still tremble at the remembrance, for neither my head nor heart are yet freed from the commotion of this frightful fall. I do not exaggerate when I say to you that, in the convulsions of my sufferings, I perspired blood. At last, this long continued agony, having exhausted my powers, both mental and physical, subsided and left me in a state of calmness still more horrible. I measured the depth of the abyss into which I had fallen and then felt originate, in the bottom of my soul, the desire to destroy my life. I began to reason with regard to this resolution; "If," said I, within myself, "if I allow myself to be taken and thrust into prison I shall remain there, without remedy and without hope, until my shameful existence terminates. It is a thousand times better, without doubt, to deliver myself

from an odious life and throw myself into the hands of a God who will, perhaps, pardon my inability to survive a misfortune which dishonors me." My loaded pistols were lying, on the table, before me and nothing seemed, at this moment, more easy than to finish my existence. "Yes! but how many villains have thus ended their lives! How many low and vile souls have had, as myself, this courage of despair! And what will cleanse the blood I am about to shed? Will opprobrium be less deeply impressed upon my tomb? if, indeed, one be accorded to me! And my name, disgraced by the laws, will it, too, be buried? What do I say, unfortunate wretch! The thought adds to my heavy weight of shame! for what will expiate the crime of which I have been guilty? I wish to escape from life; but is not this to plunder and to frustrate those to whom I am indebted? When I am no more who will make restitution, to them, for the robbery I have committed? What will justify this abuse of their confidence? Who will ask pardon for a young fool who has dissipated wealth which was not his own? Ah! is there no longer any hope for me to regain what I have lost? is it impossible, at my age, by labor and time, to repair the indiscretions of my youth and to find pardon for my follies?" Then, reflecting upon the resources that remained to me if I had the constancy to fight against misfortune, I seemed to perceive in the distant future, my honor issuing from the cloud which covered it. I seemed to see a plank at hand to save me from my shipwreck and carry me to a safe port. I came to Holland, but, before leaving, wrote to my creditors that, abandoning to them all I owned in the world, I had gone to employ the rest of my life for their benefit, and conjured them to be patient.

"I landed at Amsterdam, where my first care was to search out, amongst the rich merchants of that city the man most upright and esteemed amongst them, and, as all spoke of Odelman, I presented myself to him. "Sir," said I, "a stranger pursued by misfortune, takes refuge here and comes to ask of you if he should yield to the force of untoward circumstances or if, by labor and perseverance he should rise above them. I have no one to recommend me, and can only hope, with time, to establish a character for myself. Dispose, as you will, of a man raised with some care, sufficiently educated perhaps, and full of desire to be useful." Odelman, after having listened to me and regarded me, attentively, asked by whom I had been sent to him. "By the public voice," said I. "On my arrival in this city I desired to know the wisest and best man amongst your citizens; every body directed me to you." There was, in my language and bearing,

that air of dignity which misfortune gives to courageous souls, which seemed to strike him forcibly. His questions were searching and I was sincere, although reserved, in my answers. Finally, without betraying myself I said enough to gain his confidence, and prepossessed in my favor, he consented to put my assertions to proof, without, however, making any engagement.

"He soon discovered that he had no one, in his counting house, more diligent, who applied himself more assiduously or was more anxious to learn. "Oliver," said he (for this was the only name by which I was known to him) "you have kept your word. You may continue, for I perceive, that you will suit me; we were made, indeed, to live together. Here is your salary for the first three months of the year, for which I now engage you; I foresee that it will go on increasing." Ah! sir, you cannot conceive of the lively pleasure with which I, who had never before known the worth of money, received the hundred ducats which he was so good as to advance me. With what religious care did I treasure up the greater part. With what ardor did I give myself to that labor of which they were the fruit and how impatiently did I look forward to the next quarter, which would bring an addition to my treasure. One of the happiest days of my life was that on which I transmitted to Paris the first hundred louis of my savings; and, when I received the receipt for the amount, I kissed the little paper an hundred times, wet it with my tears, and placed it next my heart where it seemed like balm applied to a painful wound. Three years, successively, I experienced a similar gratification. At this time my pleasure is greatly enhanced, for, in consequence of an increase of salary and the proceeds of some little commercial ventures, I have made, the sum of my savings is much more considerable. If this remittance has been delayed it is in consequence of the death of my only correspondent at Paris, in whom I could confide, whose place henceforth I must beg you sir, to fill. Alas! I shall have to labor for fifteen years to come before I shall have paid off all these debts. But I am only thirty-six years of age and, at fifty, I shall be free; the wound in my heart will then be closed, twenty voices will be raised to attest to my good faith, and this brow, without giving place to a single blush, shall again be seen in my country. Oh! sir, it is sweet and consoling to me, to feel that the esteem of my fellow-citizens will return to bless my old age and bring honor to my gray hairs!"

"When he ceased speaking," continued Wattelet, "charmed at such an instance of perfect probity, I embraced him and assured him that I

did not know, in the world, a more honorable man. This evidence of my esteem seemed to touch him, deeply, and he assured me he should never forget this consoling adieu. He added, however, that I knew his heart and spoke to him the same language as his conscience.

"When I arrived at Paris I appropriated the money according to his desire. His creditors wished to know where he was, what he was doing and what were his resources. Without giving them any information upon these points, I expressed my opinion of his rigid honesty and sent them away contented.

"One day at a dinner party given by M. Nervin, my notary, one of the guests hearing me speak of my voyage to Holland asked me, with an air of displeasure and contempt if, while I was in that country, I had met with a young man named Oliver Salvary. As it was easy to perceive, in his look and the movements of his brow, that he was animated by a sentiment of malignity I avoided giving a direct answer and replied that my voyage to Holland, having been, merely, a pleasure trip, I did not have time to make the acquaintance of all the Frenchmen I saw, but that I could easily ascertain, through my correspondents, whether such a person resided there.

"'No,' said he, 'it is not necessary; he has caused me too much pain to feel interested about him. He is, doubtless, dead of misery or shame, and it is of little consequence. It would have been better if he had died before he married my daughter and ruined himself. After this,' continued he, 'will any one place reliance upon the fair prospects of a young man? In eighteen months, fifteen thousand crowns in debt, and then, flight and shame! Ah! sir,' said he, to the notary, 'when you marry your daughter take, well, your precautions. A dishonored and insolvent son-in-law is a villainous appendage.'

"M. Nervin inquired of him how it was, that a man of his prudence should not have foreseen this misfortune and taken steps to prevent it.

"I did foresee it,' replied Amene, 'and remedied it in the best manner I was able, for the next day after the death of his wife I made such haste as, thanks to heaven, to secure the dowry and effects of my daughter. But that was all I was able to save from his wreck; the other creditors were left but the fragments of his fortune.'

"With a great effort I restrained myself from confounding him; but when he was gone, seeing the impression his relation had left upon the mind of my notary and his daughter, I could not resist the desire I felt to avenge the absent man, and, without indicating his asylum, for that would have been to betray his secret:

"'You have heard,' said I, to them, 'this man

speak of his son-in-law, with the most cruel contempt; all that he has said is true, but it is no less true that this unfortunate young man is a personification of innocence and probity.'

"This commencement surprised them—but it fixed their attention and the father and daughter listened with breathless interest to the history which you have heard.

"Nervin is one of those rare compounds of human qualities the existence of which one can scarcely conceive. It would be impossible to find a colder head or a more ardent heart; it is a volcano under a heap of snow. His daughter is, on the contrary, of a nature sensible and well-balanced; partaking equally of her father's warmth of soul and coolness of understanding. She is beautiful—you have seen her—but she is so little vain of her beauty that she can hear it spoken of without displaying any more embarrassment than if that of another were praised.

"'A person may possibly,' she would say, 'be vain of that which they have acquired themselves and it is necessary to have a degree of modesty to conceal or moderate this vanity; but where is the merit of having eyes and mouth formed after this, or that, fashion? And why should it be thought necessary to blush, when we hear that praised, which, without our aid, has been bestowed upon us, by a caprice of nature?'

"This single trait will give you some idea of the character of Justine which is stronger and more decided than that of Adrienne, whilst it possesses the same charm of innocence and candor. This admirable girl listened to my recital with as much attention as her father and, as I related those occurrences, which showed the strict integrity of Salvary, his deep sensibility, his courage in misfortune, I saw them exchange glances and display that sweet emotion which virtue excites, in the breasts of those by whom it is loved. But, insensibly, the father became more thoughtful and the daughter more softened. When I repeated the words which Oliver, in the conclusion of his history, had addressed to me: 'O! sir, it is sweet and consoling to me to feel that the esteem of my fellow citizens will return, to bless my old age, and bring honor to my gray hairs!' the notary raised his head and, his eyes glistening with the tears that filled them:

"'No, virtuous young man!' cried he, in a transport of feeling, 'thou shalt not wait for a tardy old age to be freed and honored as thou deservest to be. Sir,' added he, addressing me, 'you say, truly, there is not a more honorable man in the world. The simple duties of ordinary life are easily performed; but it is more difficult to traverse the precipices of adversity and infamy, with such fortitude and probity, never

leaving, for a moment, the path of rectitude. Such cases are rare and such experience tempers the soul. I will answer for it that he commits no more follies. He will be good and generous, but wise; he now knows, too well, the cost of weakness and imprudence. Yes, without disparagement to his father-in-law, this is just the son-in-law, that I should desire. What do you think of it, my daughter?

"I avow, my father," replied Justine, "that such a man is the one, of all others, I should choose for a husband."

"Thou shalt have him," said her father. "Write to him, monsieur, to come, that a rich offer awaits him; do not tell him any thing more."

"I wrote to Salvary, who replied that he was condemned to a life of celibacy and solitude, for he would never associate to his disgrace either a wife or children, and that he should never set foot in his country whilst a single person remained whose look he could not unblushingly sustain. This reply was like a goad to the impatient soul of the notary.

"Request him," said he, "to send a schedule of his debts, and tell him that one who is interested in his welfare desires to make some arrangements for compounding with his creditors."

Salvary gave me, without any hesitation, a statement of his liabilities, but replied that he did not wish to compound with his creditors, regarding any reduction of his debts as unjust, for he was determined to pay fully and rigorously the whole amount which he owed; the only favor he begged was time to enable him to do so.

"Time! time!" cried the notary, "I have no time to give him; my daughter will have grown old before his debts are paid. Leave the schedule with me, I know how an honest man is to be regarded, and every body shall be satisfied."

"Two days after he called upon me.

"All is completed," said he, "here are his full receipts; transmit them to him and give him his choice,—either to espouse my daughter and owe no person, or have me, alone, for his creditor, if he will not accept me for his father-in-law."

The surprise and gratitude of Salvary when he saw all the traces of his ruin thus effaced, with, as it were, a stroke of the pen, and the haste with which he flew to thank his benefactor, I leave you to imagine. He was, however, detained in Holland longer than he wished and so long that the impatient notary began to say that "this man was very slow and difficult to move." At last he arrived at my house scarcely daring to believe that his happiness was not a dream. I took him, without delay, to the house of his generous friend,

and there, between two sentiments, equally delightful, penetrated with the goodness of the father and becoming daily more enamored of the charms of the daughter, finding in her all that he had so much loved, so much regretted in Adrienne, his soul was as much transported with gratitude as with love, and he did not know, he said, which he should regard as the most precious gift of heaven, such a friend as Nervin or such a wife as Justine. One regret remained, however, which he could not conceal from them, and when Nervin reproached him for having made them wait so long;

"Forgive me, monsieur," said he. "I burned to throw myself at your feet; but, besides the accounts I had first to arrange, in quitting Holland I had more than one severe conflict to sustain. The worthy Odelman, my first benefactor, had dwelt upon the hope of finding, in me, a solace and comfort in his old age; he is a widower, without children and, in his heart, without my knowledge he had adopted me. When, then, it became necessary to separate, and I revealed to him my past misfortune and the prodigy of goodness which had restored me to freedom and honor, he complained bitterly of my dissimulation and asked if I believed I had a better friend in the world, than Odelman. He pressed me to allow him to refund to you the amount you had paid for me; with tears in his eyes he begged it, till I was no longer able to refuse to grant his request. But he had read M. Watelet's letter in which he mentioned the amiable and interesting Justine, drawing as he did, a still more ravishing portrait of the beauty of her soul than of her person. "Ah I have no daughter to offer you," said this good man, "and if this portrait is a faithful one her compeer would be difficult to find. I will not endeavor to retain you. Go, be happy; but remember and cease not to love me."

Nervin when he heard this statement of Oliver remained for some moments thoughtful and abstracted; then breaking the silence he exclaimed:

"No! no! I do not wish you to be ungrateful; and I cannot let a Dutchman boast of having been more generous than me. You have no occupation here and it is not right that you should lead an idle and useless life. It would be very delightful, as you may well believe, to have my children near me, but that happiness shall be reserved for my old age, whilst in the mean time the attention I give to my business will keep off ennui. Write to the good Odelman that I will give you up to him, with my daughter, for ten years, after which you will return to me, surrounded I hope, by a little colony of cherubs, for

whom, in the interval, we shall have been laboring.'

The overjoyed Hollander, replied that his house, his arms and his heart were open to the pair. He now awaits them and they are about to leave for Holland, where Oliver will henceforth be associated in business with him.

"This is the example," added Watelet, "which I promised to give you, of a courage, so much needed by the unfortunate, which keeps them under the most discouraging circumstances from losing their own esteem, or from falling into despair, as long as a consciousness remains that they are guided by virtuous principles."

THE LOVE OF LATER YEARS.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

THEY err who deem Love's brightest hour in blooming youth is known :
Its purest, tenderest, holiest power in after life is shown,
When passions chastened and subdued to riper years are given,
And earth and earthly things are viewed in light that breaks from Heaven.

It is not in the flush of youth, or days of cloudless mirth,
We feel the tenderness and truth of Love's devoted worth ;
Life then is like a tranquil stream which flows in sunshine bright,
And objects mirrored in it seem to share its sparkling light.

'Tis when the howling winds arise, and life is like the ocean,
Whose mountain billows brave the skies, lashed by the storm's commotion,
When lightning cleaves the murky cloud, and thunderbolts astound us,
'Tis then we feel our spirits bowed by loneliness around us.

Oh ! then, as to the seamen's sight the beacon's twinkling ray
Surpasses far the lustre bright of summer's cloudless day,
E'en such, to tried and wounded hearts in manhood's darker years,
The gentle light true love imparts, mid sorrows, cares and fears.

Its beams on minds of joy bereft their freshening brightness fling,
And show that life has somewhat left to which their hopes may cling ;
It steals upon the sick at heart, the desolate in soul,
To bid their doubts and fears depart, and point a brighter goal.

If such be Love's triumphant power o'er spirits touched by time,
Oh ! who shall doubt its loveliest hour of happiness sublime ?
In youth, 'tis like the meteor's gleam which dazzles and sweeps by,
In after life, its splendors seem linked with eternity !

THE BETTER LAND.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

I HEAR thee speak of the better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band ;
Mother ! oh, where is that radiant shore—
Shall we not seek it and weep no more ?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle-boughs ?
" Not there, not there, my child."

Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies,
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?
" Not there, not there, my child."

Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold—
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land ?

" Not there, not there, my child."

" Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy !
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy,
Dreams can not picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there ;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child !"

respect from the virtues of their ancestors. Some slight portion of a great man's mantle falls on the shoulders of his successor, and thus the descendant, as well as the original possessor of intellect, rises above the great mass.

Here are three different classes, who, in the ordinary course of events, are raised above their fellows—three death blows to equality—the common acceptation of the word “independence.”

The effect of this order of independence, against which we complain—is to make all classes selfish—to shut up the better feelings of our nature—to destroy sympathy between the rich and poor—the intellectual and the uneducated. It produces a mildness of carriage and manner on one side, which necessarily engenders indifference and contempt upon the other. If those whom fortune has placed in the lower walks of life, paid a greater degree of respect to their more fortunate brethren, then would the wealthy portion of community feel more sympathy with the wants and wishes of the fillers of humble stations.

In this view of the case, let us not be supposed as favoring an absurdity common among the rich in wealth and high in station, that no virtue, honor, or worth, can be found among the humbler part of the creation—far, very far from it! Such folly is unfortunately too prevalent. The professional man, and he of independent income, look too often with contempt at the honest and industrious mechanic—the plodding persevering tradesman. They cannot conceive honorable or sensitive feelings to exist in the breasts of any but themselves. They believe that commerce contains in its nature some bane to the fair feelings of humanity—that daily labor for bread is incompatible with noble sentiments. Yet, strange to say, although this idea, in the abstract, exists in their minds, they apply it only to the shopkeeper and mechanic,—the merchant escapes,—they receive him into society.

How ridiculous this is, need scarcely be pointed out. The man ennobles his occupation, not the reverse. A man of enlarged and cultivated intellect, and high moral nature, may be

doomed by hard fortune to pursue the most menial avocation for a livelihood,—yet the man, in all his noble attributes, is the same as though he filled a throne—as worthy of respect—as high in the rank of intelligent beings. It has been already asserted, that nature has clearly designed different grades of society, and that consequently, equality, the too common acceptation of the word independence, was never intended to exist. So is it believed to be equally palpable, that men are intended to fill all the various positions necessary for administering to the different wants of society, and, therefore, that no avocation tending in any way to convenience the great social family, can be derogatory to a man who pursues it honestly and uprightly—doing to others as he would be done unto.

Our belief is that both portions of the human family err in not paying a greater degree of respect to each other; both are worthy of it from one another, although, neither do perfectly right. A change in the relative bearings of the two classes of society might be wrought with much benefit to all; but which is to commence it? Certainly that body which is best educated, whose minds are enlarged, and rendered capable of looking into futurity, and seeing the immense advantages derivable from the existence of oneness of interest—when each part of the community can feel that a benefit conferred upon one branch will be an ultimate blessing to all.

The higher order of intellects are indiscriminately scattered among the rich and poor—the great and small. It is their duty to endeavor, by example and precept to bring about such a state of society,—to discourage intolerance, hauteur, and rudeness, and to foster all gentle and charitable feelings—to teach the poor to give honor where honor is due—the rich to feel a friendly sympathy with, and lend a helping hand to, their poorer neighbors. Every man who strenuously labors in such a vocation, will most assuredly reap a bright and lasting reward in the consciousness of having lent his aid toward enabling humanity to approach one step nearer that goal of excellence, which all mankind would feel pleasure in reaching.

MEN of genius are not always quick in their comprehension of other men's ideas, they trust more to their own unaided powers of mind for the understanding of a subject than the elucidations of others, and therefore do not acquire the habit of comprehending readily what others may

explain. For this reason, many men of splendid genius were dull when boys. They thought more than they studied, and as their thoughts were yet crude, and unexpressed, none knew of the hidden fire that was ere long to burst forth in an extinguishable blaze.

For Arthur's Magazine.

THE WEDDING PARTY.

BY MISS S. A. HUNT.

"MOTHER," said the beautiful Jane Webster in a vexed tone, "this must be the last time I employ myself in house-work; I have just finished sweeping the parlors, and here are two blisters on my right hand where I have held the broom. I declare! I might as well hire myself out for a servant—look at my hand, mother."

Mrs. Webster looked at the blistered hand, and said, soothingly,—“Why, my dear, it wouldn’t blister if you were accustomed to sweeping.”

"Accustomed to it!" repeated the young lady with a curling lip, "it is for servants to become familiar with such things; if I should practice it every day my hands would become as hard as boards, and stretched to the size of Bridget's."

"O no, Jane," said her mother, "you could wear gloves, and it would not stretch your hands so much as practising on the piano. The exercise is so healthful, I wish you would continue it; every body should be acquainted with domestic affairs; there is nothing disgraceful in it."

"But, mother you don't know how it exhausts me; I thought I should faint when I had finished sweeping."

"Oh! what a story," exclaimed her little sister Harriet, starting from her chair, while her large black eyes flashed indignantly. "You shook me almost to pieces for upsetting the dust pan. I'm sure you couldn't have been near fainting, then."

Jane colored, and looked angry at the impetuous child, but without denying the truth of her assertion; then turning to her mother, she said "Harriet is as rude and uncouth as if she had been brought up in the backwoods; I wish she could be sent to boarding school; it might civilize her, and make her a little more like other people."

When Jane first spoke, Harriet fixed her eyes upon her with a defying look, and the quick blood came to her cheek angrily; but as the words *boarding school* met her ear, her countenance

eligious love, piety and virtue among her children, and as a means of salvation for their souls which she intended, seconded and as扶助ing agent, to the end, now, notwithstanding heretical agents so placed off her, and therefore did, though unable, as far as she could, to dislodge them, yet still, by her intercession, she really succeeded, however, in getting rid of them, and, though they were sent to annoy her **s Magazine**, it is impossible, when you consider who they were and the course which they were then pursuing, to feel but a sense of relief at their removal.

fell. "Oh! don't send me away from you, mother," she begged anxiously, and humbly.

"Your father will not consent to your going to boarding school, Harriet, so you need not fear that; but you must learn to treat your elder sister with more respect. Now go up stairs to your own room."

The little girl obeyed, and with a slow step proceeded to her chamber. When there, she seated herself on her little trunk at the head of her bed, and burst into tears.

"Oh! Jane is so hateful" she sobbed, "I wish *she* was away from home." After yielding, in some measure, to her grief, she paused, and bent her eyes thoughtfully on the floor; then murmured,—"what would Miss Morton think, if she knew what I said?" and again she cried as if her heart would break.

Harriet's mother was an amiable and affectionate woman, but she lacked energy and independence. She would rather lean on those who were her inferiors in intellect than support herself; consequently she was very much influenced by those around her. As might be expected, the rule was taken from her mother's hands, and placed in Jane's, for Harriet could exert but little influence, as she was yet only a child of eleven years. In every difference, things were always decided in favor of the eldest daughter, and it was seldom Harriet's statements were even examined. This partiality on the part of Mrs. Webster, did not proceed from a greater love for Jane ; but it was for the sake of peace and comfort ; Harriet was the youngest and most easily quieted. Even when the mother's feelings would have prompted her to take sides with Harriet, she had not the moral courage to oppose herself to the stubborn determination of Jane. The mother, who shrunk from the painful duty of rebuking her when a child, could only blame herself for the sorrow she often experienced, through her fretful discontent. Jane was naturally selfish,

and, it had grown with her growth and strengthened with her strength; it was woven in the very groundwork of her nature. Instead of diffusing a warm, healthful cheerfulness, she too often cast a shadow upon the household hearth. The sunny-hearted, impetuous Harriet, was frequently the victim of her complaining temper. In the bosom of that young creature, the fountains of innocent joy were poisoned by a sister's hand. Jane herself was not fully aware of the evil she was doing; she thought not how wide spread, though subtle, might be the influence of a single individual.

About half an hour after Harriet was sent up stairs, a servant entered the room where Mrs. Webster and Jane were sitting.

"Ah! Miss Jane," she said, "that sweet young lady, Miss Morton, has just called, and she's up in the parlor waiting for you."

"Does she know I am at home?" asked Jane.

"Oh! yes, to be sure; I told her you would see her in a minute," answered the girl, who was a new servant. Jane called her a stupid creature, and said she was in no humor to see company. The girl made no reply, but left the room in the midst of the young lady's speech, and slammed the door with as much violence as she dared.

"It is only eleven o'clock," exclaimed Jane fretfully, "I wish people knew when to make calls; at any rate, I shall not hurry myself."

"My dear child, do try to make Miss Morton's call pleasant" urged the mother. "There is no need of changing your dress; you look well enough."

"Oh! no, if I dress now, it will answer for the day." As Jane spoke, she rose languidly from her chair, and left the sitting room for her own apartment. As soon as Harriet heard her close the door of her chamber, she issued from her place of punishment, and with a noiseless step glided down the stairs. As she was wandering around the house in search of amusement, she passed the parlor door, which was open, and observed Miss Morton, who sat with her back towards it.

The little girl tripped in lightly, and before the young lady was aware of her presence, her neck was encircled by the arms of her favorite. "Ah! Harriet, is it you?" she asked, turning round with a gay laugh that caught its music from a happy heart; and she kissed the child playfully.

"Why Harry! what ails your eyes? Have you been crying?"

Harriet blushed and looked embarrassed but did not speak. Miss Morton did not repeat the question. After a pause she said, cheerfully, "I'm going to take you home with me, to spend

a few days with Caroline, if your mother is willing;—what do you say?"

"Oh! I shall be delighted," cried Harriet, her eyes brightening with pleasure, "I'll run and ask mother right away." She flew from the parlor, and the visitor was again left alone, for about a quarter of an hour. At the end of that time, Miss Webster made her appearance. "How do you do Emily," she exclaimed, advancing and kissing the young girl, "you must excuse me, for keeping you waiting so long."

"O, certainly," replied Emily Morton, "you know what can't be cured must be endured," the last words were spoken in a half earnest, half jesting tone; but Jane's countenance showed she meant to take it as no jest; her cheek flushed slightly, and her mouth assumed an expression which seemed to say, "do not repeat such remarks." Miss Morton observed the look, a deep blush overspread her face as she turned aside her head, and her lip curved slightly; but the angry expression lasted only a moment; it was immediately followed by one more gentle. There was a short silence; then Emily asked, in a quiet tone—"Have you been often to the Academy of Design this year?"

"About half a dozen times," was the reply.

"How were you pleased?" asked Emily, who in spite of Jane's short answer, was determined to persevere, and see if it was possible to make her good natured.

"Tolerably well," replied Jane, in the same tone as before. Emily was tempted to give up her experiment; the color in her cheek grew a little deeper, and, for about three minutes, she examined the figures of the carpet without speaking. At length she resolved on another trial,— "do you paint as much now as you did at school? you were very devoted to it then."

"No, I have not so much time," answered Jane more amiably, "but I am still as fond of it as ever; how do you get along with the landscape you commenced a few weeks ago?"

"Well, rather slowly," replied Emily, "won't you let me see some of your last drawings?"

"Yes, if you wish it," said Jane smiling,—she could not resist the kindness of Miss Morton's manner—"but they are hardly worth showing."

She rose and obtained them for Emily, and they looked over them together; Jane felt that she had been impolite, and contrasted her own conduct with the sweetness of her lovely visitor. She tried to atone for it, by throwing off her cold, stiff manner, and rendering herself agreeable. When Harriet returned, they were engaged in a pleasant conversation. "I'm going! Miss Morton!" she cried, dancing up to her with hat and

gloves on, and her parasol partly opened;—her eager face was bright with happiness.

"Where are you going?" asked her sister, in surprise.

"To Miss Morton's, to see Caroline," was Hafriet's reply, and she waltzed around the room, flourishing her parasol with the utmost animation.

"Let me beg of you, Harriet," said Emily laughing, "not to fly along the street in that style with me; now bid your sister good bye, for we must go."

"Oh! don't go yet, Emily," urged Jane, "you must come and see me oftener; the next time I promise not to keep you waiting so long."

"You forget, Jane," said Emily rising, "that we are both to attend my cousin Mary's wedding to-night. I have my maid-of-honor's dress to finish yet."

"Oh! then I'll not detain you," said Jane with a smile, shaking Emily warmly by the hand. "Good bye Harriet," and they parted with a sister's kiss, Jane really felt what she said; in the presence of Emily her sullen humor had disappeared, and more kindly feelings had succeeded. She was conquered by the gentleness of her friend. Too often do we see those who profess to be acting from pure and exalted principles, yield themselves to the evil spirit, that is busy in the hearts of others. The same angry feelings are communicated as if by a magnetic power, and it is no easy thing to withstand them. Yet what is all this boasted goodness, if it cannot finally triumph, though the struggle be long and hard? It is no tame spirit that learns to conquer itself in little things—that will not yield to the evil within, that would urge it forward with almost resistless might. If goodness is any thing it is every thing, and if it occasionally prompts us to perform a magnanimous deed, it should also be a living reality that influences our slightest action.

"Oh! what a beautiful dress," cried Harriet Webster, as both she and Caroline Morton entered the room where Emily was seated. The latter was busily engaged in trimming a white muslin dress with satin and lace. "Oh!" exclaimed Caroline eagerly, "she is going to be Cousin Mary's maid-of-honor to night, and that dress is just like the bride's; won't she look beautiful?" Harriet of course agreed with her, and Caroline began to pull the lace gently in different directions to see which way it would look best.

"Oh! don't, Carry, dear, you'll soil it," said her sister, removing her hands, "I must get rid of both of you a little while, or I shall forget how little time I have to spare. Has Harriet seen your cabinet yet?" Caroline replied in the negative.

"Well then, scamper off; the dress will be finished by the time you come back." The children lingered a moment, and Caroline asked coaxingly, "Ah, sister Emily, wont you let us help dress you for the wedding?"

"Oh! certainly by all means," replied her sister, laughing. "You shall be my maid-of-honor." With this promise they disappeared.

In about half an hour the impatient urchins returned; the dress was completed, and the maid-of-honor was holding it up with a satisfied air.

"Oh! how splendid!" shouted Caroline, bounding gaily forward. She took hold of it eagerly, and as she turned round to Harriet, with a quick motion, it caught by a pin that was fastened to her waist. A large rent was torn in the sleeve. "Oh! oh!" groaned the offender with a look of despair; and then she stood silent, hardly daring to look at her sister. Emily's eyes turned upon her with the sudden flash that betrays a naturally hasty temper, and the color mounted to her forehead: but she did not speak. After a moment the dress was laid calmly on the table. The quiet firmness on Emily's countenance showed she had regained her self-command, although the struggle had made her face grow pale. "Oh! I didn't mean to do it," said the culprit, bursting into tears.

"I know you did not, Caroline," was the mild reply. Emily seated herself and began to look quietly in her work-basket for something to mend it. All this time Harriet had stood, half breathlessly watching every change of Emily's countenance; she had marked the struggle that was going on, and when she saw that mild but determined expression settling over the closed lips, telling of an inward strength, her young heart beat with a strange admiration. At that moment the noble girl gained an influence over that young creature, which would be felt through life. With a flood of mingled feelings, which she herself could not define, Harriet threw her arms around Emily's neck, and kissed her again and again while tears streamed down her childish face.

"Oh! Emily," she sobbed, "teach me to be like you."

"Like me?" repeated the sweet girl. "Dear Harriet! I would have you a thousand times better." She drew her arm tenderly around her, and kissed her forehead, for she felt how beautiful it was to be appreciated by the young and innocent. Tears filled her eyes, but they were tears of happiness. How grateful she felt then, that for the sake of that child she had been able to subdue the anger that rose in her heart. After a while Emily gently released herself from the little girl's caress. "I must begin now to sew

anew," she said, as she smoothed back Harriet's dark hair.

"Sister Emily, what shall I do? I'm so sorry," said Caroline in a deeply distressed tone, as she came forward.

"Don't think any more about it now, dear; only let it teach you to be more careful another time."

Caroline firmly declared, that she would never do such a thing again as long as she lived. Emily smiled, and busied her slender fingers with the injured dress. While she was engaged at her task, Mrs. Morton entered.

"Why, how did this happen?" she asked, examining the rent in surprise. Emily explained the accident, and when she had finished, her mother bent over and kissed her fondly.

"I know you have not yielded to anger, my child," she said, "or your face would not wear that look of quiet happiness. To know that you have conquered yourself, gives me a deeper joy than any earthly prosperity could impart. But it is time for you to get ready; let me take your work." Emily resigned the dress into her mother's hands.

"While Harriet and Caroline are as busy as bees, trying to assist her, we will find our way to the house of Mrs. Webster, and observe the proceedings of Jane, who was also to attend the wedding.

She was alone in her dressing room. Her dark hair was unbound, and with an impatient air she was twining part of it in natural ringlets over her white fingers. When she had finished curling it, she rang the bell violently, and said angrily to herself.

"I wonder how many more times I must ring before any one will come."

After the lapse of a few moments, the servant woman introduced her head in at the door.

"Why are you so long answering the bell, Bridget," cried Jane, "I have rung half a dozen times; if you can't come when you are called you shall be dismissed."

"I didn't hear you before, Miss Jane," replied the servant in an easy tone; she was too much accustomed to such threats to give any weight to them.

"Ask mother if she will come up and finish dressing my hair," said the young lady.

"Mrs. Webster's asleep on the sofa. She's had a shocking headache this afternoon, and it really seems a pity to disturb her. I don't know but I can fix your hair myself," said the obliging woman stepping into the room, "I can braid first rate."

"You?" said Jane, who could not forbear smiling, "I should fancy a bear was braiding it.

Go and ask mother, it will take her but a few moments."

The woman disappeared, without more words, for she saw that Jane was determined to have her own way. Mrs. Webster soon entered with a languid step.

"Jane," she said, "I think you might have gotten along without me, if you had any consideration for my feelings."

"Oh! I couldn't help it, mother; no one else can make my hair look exactly right." As Jane spoke, she seated herself on a low stool, by the chair Mrs. Webster had taken, and submitted her glossy hair to the skilful hands of her mother. It was soon arranged, and Mrs. Webster assisted her daughter until her toilet was completed.

When Jane saw herself reflected in the mirror, her dark eyes flashed with the consciousness of beauty, and a slight but haughty and well pleased smile visited her lip. Excitement had lent her cheeks a rich but delicate glow; her fair face needed only an expression of sweetness to make it perfect. Her dress was of pale blue satin, and its tunic, of delicate Swiss muslin trimmed with the richest lace, suited well the lightness of her graceful figure. After "one last lingering look" in the glass, the beauty left her dressing room, and descended the stairs, followed by her mother.

"Come, father, I am ready," she exclaimed, looking into the parlor where Mr. Webster sat reading. Her summons was instantly answered.

"I hope your headache will be better soon mother," said the daughter, as she tripped lightly down the front steps. Her words expressed more sympathy, than the gay, careless tone in which she uttered them. Her father led her to the carriage, and when Mrs. Webster saw them enter, and ride away, she turned back into the house with a feeling of sadness and loneliness. She entered the parlor, and tried to amuse herself with a book, but the attempt was vain: she was sick and low-spirited, too keenly she felt the selfishness of Jane—that she thought little of *her* comfort, as long as she herself might be gratified. For a long time she sat alone, her bosom filled with painful thoughts. At length she sought her own chamber. With the tears of wounded affection on her cheek, the mother at last laid her aching head on the pillow, and closed her eyes in sleep.

The hour was somewhat late when Jane and her father arrived at the wedding; the solemn ceremony was being performed, but many eyes turned from the modest face of the bride to rest on the beautiful girl who leaned with such graceful ease on the arm of Mr. Webster. When the ceremony was finished, the father and daughter advanced among others to congratulate the bride.

As Jane turned to Emily, the contrast between herself and the lovely bridesmaid was striking ; the beauty of one consisted in features, the other in expression. The light of Jane's haughty eye was brilliant, and the smile that came slowly to her lip, added yet another charm; yet, all who gazed on her, felt that she was not one to love. There was a consciousness of self about her that spoke through every little action, and took from her manner the grace it might otherwise have possessed. Emily, though far less beautiful, wore that air of indescribable sweetness, which is more easily felt than explained; it seemed as if her bright and innocent countenance was lit up from the purity within, and love had sought her clear blue eye for a dwelling place. After a few words with the bridesmaid, Jane retired to a seat with her father: he immediately opened a conversation with a gentleman near him, and his daughter felt any thing but happy as she sat alone and neglected, for she was only acquainted with the bride and Emily. They of course could not attend to her; she was, therefore, left in full liberty, to spend her time, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy." Dancing soon commenced, but the lonely damsel found no pleasure in watching the movements of others, or observing the various countenances around her, and wondering what the characters of certain individuals might be. There were a thousand things in which she might have been interested if she could have forgotten herself, but no, she persisted in thinking of herself, tortured with the idea of being neglected, and shockingly ill treated : in fact she *would* make herself perfectly miserable. She was in this distressing state of mind, when the dance was finished. Emily's eye chanced to fall on her, and she immediately crossed the room with her partner, who was the groomsman; she introduced him, and playfully resigned him into Jane's hands as a partner for the next dance. After a few remarks, the gentle girl left them to seat herself beside a young lady of unprepossessing appearance, who sat entirely alone. Emily had the happy faculty of only drawing forth the loveliest traits in the characters of those she associated with; it was not more than ten minutes after she had taken her seat, that the countenance of her companion was lit up with a pleasure and intelligence that really made her look interesting; she possessed a highly cultivated mind, and a fund of general knowledge that rendered her conversation very attractive to those who could win her from her reserve. How many noble intellects are there, which are never appreciated, because the possessors cannot claim personal beauty, or fascinating manners! How many a pure imagination, glowing with dreams of life and beauty,

has been darkened by hopeless neglect! How many a gentle heart has been chilled for want of sympathy; the warm feelings repressed, and the wealth of affection turned coldly back upon the bosom that vainly pines for the love it could pour forth so fondly! Oh, if we could look into the souls of those with whom we associate, how often would we shrink from the brilliant and apparently good, to seek more unobtrusive but lovelier companions.

Jane felt but little better when Mr. Benedict, the groomsman, led her out to dance; instead of playing the part of a devoted gallant towards her, his eyes were continually following Emily, apparently forgetful of all around him. Poor Jane saw several persons looking at him with an ill-concealed smile, and she wished herself in her seat again more fervently than she had wished to be out of it. She grew half desperate, and not in a very mild voice said to him, "Mr. Benedict, will you hand me my fan, if you please, it is on that chair." "Oh! certainly, sir, by all means," was the strange reply, made without even turning his head. Her plight began to savor of the ridiculous; she colored, and bit her lip, but the dance beginning at that moment, her partner recovered his senses and was as polite as need be. When the dance was over, Jane was led to a seat next her father. Mr. Benedict asked if she were warm, fatigued, or would have a glass of water? After these questions had been satisfactorily answered, he betook himself to the sofa where Emily sat, and appeared then to recover entirely from all abstraction. Every one was busy and animated; Jane looked around her, and felt more lonely in the crowd than if not a human being had been near. She rose from her chair, and stole out to the piazza unobserved. No one was there, and the partly closed window blinds prevented her from being seen by those within. She leaned on the baluster; the cool breath of evening fanned her feverish cheeks, and played caressingly among the ringlets of her dark and shining hair. She looked on the clear stars and crescent moon—all told of calmness and repose, and brought to her bosom feelings sad, yet deeper and purer.

"Oh!" she murmured, "why am I so wretched and lonely? Why am I not happy like others?"

Tears gathered in her eyes and fell, unheeded, amid the rich folds of her satin dress. For the first time in her life she felt that love would be better than admiration. She thought of the many kindly beaming eyes that rested on Emily, of the warm, affectionate smiles with which she was greeted by all who knew her. Her meditations were disturbed, by hearing a voice just inside the window, asking in an eager tone—

"Benedict, who was that beautiful creature you danced with?"

"Miss Webster," was the reply.

"Have you been acquainted with her long?" asked the other.

"No, I never was personally acquainted with her before this evening."

"Introduce me, when there is an opportunity, won't you? I never saw a more beautiful girl."

Jane listened tremblingly. She dared not move lest she should betray herself; the next words of Benedict fell on her ear like a death knell.

"Carlton, if I thought you would fall in love with her, I wouldn't introduce you; but I will give you a preventive. My sisters attended the same boarding school that she did for three years, and therefore had a good opportunity of knowing her; they say, she is the most selfish and unamiable girl they ever knew. I would not mention this, if I did not fear her beauty might make you forget better qualities."

"But she may have changed since then."

"I fear not; it is only six months since they left school."

Jane heard no more; the gentlemen left the window and she was again alone. For about an hour, she stood there almost motionless; the merry laugh and the gay music within fell upon her ear, yet she heard it not. In that short hour, a whole year of feeling swept over her bosom; she scarcely knew what she thought, she was only conscious of intense suffering, of wounded self-love. Jane's greatest pleasures had consisted in "going out" and being admired, and when she heard what was really thought of her, it seemed as if the whole fabric of her happiness were dashed to the ground at a blow. Her thoughts flowed in this bitter current, when a caressing arm was thrown around her, and a familiar voice asked tenderly, "Jane—dear Jane! Why are you here?"

The unhappy girl started, and turned away her head, but she did not seek to release herself from that gentle clasp; her slender frame shook, and her breath came quick, as if it were by a strong effort that she held back her sobs. Emily's hand lay on the baluster, and she felt Jane's warm tears fall upon it.

"Oh! Jane," she said, in a low tone, and pressed her lips to her half averted cheek.

That sweet touch seemed to Jane like the pure breath of an angel; it put to flight her evil thoughts, and awoke better and holier feelings. She passed her arm around the pure-hearted girl, and leaning her head on her shoulder, yielded to the broken sobs she could not restrain. After a while she asked tremulously,

"Dear Emily, will you be my friend?"

"Oh! yes," replied the affectionate girl, brush-

ing away the tears that ran down her cheek.

"But, dear Jane, won't you tell me what makes you so unhappy?"

"Don't ask me now," said the poor girl, "I only know that I am wretched and despised, and that I deserve it."

"You are far dearer to me, now, than you ever were before. How gladly will I be your friend," were the kind words with which Emily attempted to console her. Jane pressed her hand in silence; her heart was too full for words. At length, she grew more composed. "Go in now Emily," she said, "you will be missed; I must go home, this gay scene is no place for me."

"I will go with you to the dressing room; you tremble yet, Jane."

They proceeded together, and reached the room without being seen by any one; when the lamp-light fell on Jane's face, Emily was frightened at its deadly paleness, and the close compression of her lips.

"I am afraid you will faint, Jane; sit down here," she said, as she hastily drew forward an arm chair.

Jane took the seat, but said, with a faint smile, "There is no fear of my fainting, Emily."

"How you must have suffered," said the bridesmaid, half to herself, as she mentally contrasted the pale, humbled girl before her, with the brilliant, haughty creature who had entered the parlors an hour or two since, her fair cheeks flushed with anticipations of the triumph her beauty must achieve. After resting awhile, and taking a glass of water, which Emily procured, Jane tied on her bonnet and arose to go.

"Come and see me soon, dear Emily," she said, "and I hope you will find me more cheerful. I have been more unhappy to-night than I ever was before; but it may be better for me that it should be so. Good bye." She pressed her quivering lips to Emily's cheek, and hastily dashed away the tears that again started to her eyes.

That night of suffering was the beginning of better things with Jane. It awoke her to reflection; deep, and bitter, but salutary in its pain. The wedding party had been looked forward to, with girlish pleasure; a few hours were to be gaily passed, then forgotten, as thoughtless gaieties generally are. But how different the result! How many and changeful were the emotions that had, ultimately, filled her bosom. In the loneliness of her chamber, she yielded herself up to all the thoughts that pressed upon her; deep and solemn were the resolutions she formed, after those hours of painful self-examination. Too plainly and bitterly she saw the justice of Benedict's remarks; yet she could not forbear think-

ing they were cruel. She remembered Carlton, for he had stood near her, and she had heard his voice before the conversation at the window; his clear, intelligent eyes then rested admiringly on her face. "But now," she murmured, "I am regarded with contempt, and it stings me more deeply to know I merit it. Why may I not become pure, unselfish, and upright as others? Oh! will not the Father of mercies heed *my* prayers?" Jane knelt, and that *first* fervent prayer, uttered in the loneliness of midnight, was heard in Heaven.

After that night, her mother's pillow was not watered with tears at the memory of her thoughtless selfishness. It was no longer considered degrading to sweep a parlor, or otherwise render herself useful. It is true, she did not *always* feel it a pleasure to perform her duties, but, at such times, she forced her will to bend to her duty. The firmness that once was employed only to have her own way, was now turned to its legitimate use, which was that of overcoming her selfish propensities. She conquered, but with

many bitter struggles. As time wore on, she grew yet more lovely, more kind and thoughtful for all. She proved that those persons who apparently desire the gentle and noble qualities they see in others, *may* possess them, if they are as willing to labor for them as some are to toil after intellectual acquirements. Emily and Jane became warmly attached. Many were the pleasant evenings they spent at each other's houses, not unfrequently enlivened by the company of Benedict, who occasionally brought his friend Carlton with him. More than a year passed away, and Jane was called on to be the bridesmaid of her sweet friend, who was to become Mrs. Benedict. Carlton was groomsman, and as the fair girl read the expression of his frank and noble countenance, she felt that she had regained his respect. Benedict, in a whisper, gave his friend permission to lose his heart to the bridesmaid as he himself had done a year before. It is doubtful whether the young man needed encouragement, but certain it is, that not long afterwards, Jane changed her maiden name for that of Carlton.

HELEN.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

AND ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face!
What though the sun with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown,—
The sportive toil, which, short and light,
Had died her glowing hue so bright,
Served too in hastier swell to show
Short glimpses of a breast of snow:
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had trained her pace,—
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew,
E'en the slight harebell raised its head
Elastic from her airy tread:
What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue,—
Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
The list'ner held his breath to hear!

A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid;
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
Her golden brooch, such birth betray'd:

And seldom was a snood amid
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing;
And seldom o'er a breast so fair,
Mantled a plaid with modest care;
And never brooch the folds combined
Above a heart more good and kind.
Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye;
Not Katrine in her mirror blue,
Gives back the shaggy bank more true,
Than every free-born glance confess'd
The guileless movements of her breast,
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
Or wo or pity claimed a sigh,
Or filial love was growing there,
Or meek devotion poured a prayer,
Or tale of injury called forth
The indignant spirit of the North.
One only passion unrevealed,
With maiden pride the maid concealed,
Yet not less purely felt the flame,—
Oh! need I tell that passion's name!

For Arthur's Magazine.

SPOILING A PAINTER.

BY THE POOR SCHOLAR.

GREGORY GOBBLE sat in as easy a chair, and rested his gouty foot upon as soft a cushion as ever came from the hands of an upholsterer. If there be any comfort—sublunary we mean—for an elderly gentleman, housed with the gout, our hero—for notwithstanding several other interesting personages that we may introduce to the reader, Goble *is* our hero—seemed to have spared no expense to obtain them. Expense! what was expense to Gregory Gobble, Esq. whose rent roll exhibited a clear income of £1000, independent of professional fees, which of themselves amounted to a good round sum, for Gregory Gobble was never known in his life to give a word of advice—professionally of course—without a fee being first told and that too to the highest figure. And what was the consequence? Why, that lawyer Gobble from a practising attorney, had become the nabob of the village, and the most influential man in the whole county. A single look would have convinced any one of this, who could have seen him seated, as we have described, and smiling complacently on every thing around—complacently we say, for at the moment our story opens, he had not experienced a twinge for upwards of an hour. His countenance was rubicund—we might say red, though not uniformly so, as the bright scarlet that tinted his nose and cheeks, gradually faded off to a light flesh-color towards the region of his full, round neck. This of itself, independent of his gout, and the well loaded table at his elbow, was sufficient evidence, that lawyer Gobble was no anchorite.

But besides the complacent expression which we have remarked upon the wealthy lawyer's countenance, there was in it a mingling of pride—a sort of patronising air, when it beamed upon the cosy cat and the sleeping spaniel, and the rich rug, and the creature comforts on the table—that seemed to say :

"I, Gregory Gobble, Esq., am monarch of all I survey, and far more too."

The apartment in which we have found our hero is not large—being his studio and snugger—but for convenience, and aristocratic comfort, there is not such a parlor in England. The furniture is costly and elegant, all rosewood and mahogany; the mantel piece of fluted marble, the grate and fenders of polished brass, and the carpet! the roughest peasant in Yorkshire might walk over that carpet as noiselessly as a cat. A clear fire of the best Wigan coal, and a couple of snow-white wax candles—three to the pound, fling a cheerful heat and light all over the room—so cheerful, that but to poke one's nose into the door, would be enough to make one feel comfortable for a month, and five minutes inside would resuscitate a torpid bear. Had there been a few hundred such furnished apartments in Moscow when Napoleon left it, the French eagle would, now, have been kissing the cupola of the Kremlin.

But there is one piece of furniture in lawyer Gobble's parlor—the prettiest piece too—which as yet we have made no mention of, not that we had by any means forgotten it, but that like the master of the feast, we were keeping our best over. It is a piece of furniture, not only ornamental, but useful—and we deduce in confirmation of this, the delicate hem of the lawyer's own lace cravat, and the graceful plaiting of his ruffles, as well as sundry wrought samplers, and casters, defending the polished mahogany from decanters, and serving various other useful purposes. If the reader has not already guessed what species of furniture we refer to, we will now let him into the secret. On the opposite side of the fire from that occupied by the lawyer himself, and reading aloud from a London newspaper, sits the most beautiful creature in all Cumberland; (recollect, reader, that the scene of our story is in Cumberland). An eye like a turquoise, cherry lips, light brown hair, with a blonde complexion, and a graceful figure, are the characteristic beauties of the young lady we would introduce to you. To look at her, and then at lawyer Gob-

ble, and then to the young lady again—for you could not help looking last at her—you would not entertain the slightest suspicion that there existed any relationship between them; but there does though. She is his niece. Her name is—not Gobble—bless me, no! nature could never commit such an indiscretion as that—it would be a terrible anomaly to call such a beautiful young creature as she is, by the name of Gobble—horrid! Oh! no—thank the fates, we are spared the pain of writing her, “Gobble,” by a reference to the parish vestry book, wherein we find her name duly entered as *Mary Lester, daughter of Geoffrey Lester, Gent. and his wife Mary Gobble, of Wilton parish, Cumberland.*

Poor girl! not many pages over, we find an entry, of the death of said Mary, her mother, and a few pages farther, still another, noting the demise of her father. She is then an orphan? She is—an orphan of seventeen, but the tender sympathy that lights the eye of her old uncle, as he watches her motions, tells that she has not been, and will not be, while he lives, without a protector. She is an heiress, moreover, and, when she becomes of age will inherit from her father's estate £20,000, independent of the vast fortune of Uncle Gregory, which she, as his only near relation may expect to receive at his death.

Gregory Gobble has been all his life a bachelor. No wonder, then, that with such bright prospects, and such brilliant beauty, Mary Lester, should be the standing toast of all the gentry in the neighborhood, and the pride of her uncle, who had been frequently heard to say, that she should never be married to any thing less than a lord. However, as she is only seventeen, such a thing as marriage has not yet been thought of.

We have now introduced you, reader, to Gregory Gobble, Esq. to his snug, and rather splendid office-parlor, and to his beautiful niece, Mary. It is an April evening but colder than April evenings usually are, and the bright fire gleaming through the bars, is exceedingly agreeable. Mary, as we have said before, is reading aloud to her uncle from a London Newspaper, who occasionally comments upon the topics that may turn up, varying his commentary, however, by an application to certain rich viands, that are spread upon the table at his elbow. It is after supper with her, but uncle Gregory still continues to eat. Mary reads:

“We learn that the young American artist—whose paintings have drawn so much attention in the metropolis—has gone down to the county of Cumberland with the intention of sketching the superb scenery of the lakes. The public may expect some splendid views from his gifted pencil, added to the

choice collection with which they have already been favored.”

“Humph! artists! fools!—they are constantly gadding about the lakes. I never go into the village that I don't meet with one or more of the starving fraternity. Read on, Mary!”

Old Gobble was too busy with an ortolan pie, to perceive that his niece's cheeks were flashing crimson. But why? We shall see presently.

“It is rumored that the countess of D., with her accomplished son Lord B. intends visiting the Cumberland lakes, with the hope that it may benefit the health of the countess, which since her late illness has not yet been fully restored.”

“Ha! there's something worth having now—the countess must visit us—and his lordship too, and recollect, Mary——”

“Recollect what, uncle?”

“Why that you are to marry a lord!”

“Oh! uncle, for shame!”

And the beautiful girl blushed deeper than ever, and turned away her face, to conceal her confusion.

In that face a close observer might have read enough to convince him that Mary Lester would never marry a lord—we say a *close* observer, for a casual one could have seen so little objection to such an arrangement on her part, that he would not have doubted her desire to marry a nobleman. Her uncle could not doubt it, as it so completely filled the measure of his own wishes, and so far from his feeling ashamed, as Mary suggested he should do, he gloried in the idea, and there and then commenced a dissertation, the object of which was to show the policy as well as the duty of such a connection. Mary listens to him attentively, though she is plainly a sceptic to his arguments. Mary is a noble girl as well as a beautiful one, and she is proud spirited too, and is most like to marry when, and where, and whom she pleases; though if it pleased her at the present time to elope with whom she should fancy, she might lose her old uncle's friendship and fortune. These little matters formed the ground work of her uncle's lecture, which was interrupted by the ringing of the hall door bell. Mark the coincidence of what follows, with the conversation which has just been broken off.

“Surely not a client at this hour!” grumbled old Gregory. He still practised extensively, notwithstanding his large fortune. But it *was* a client. And in a few minutes he was ushered into the “presence.” He is a young man with dark hair, hazel eyes, and a brunette complexion. He is dressed in black, and his bearing is manly and graceful. He is evidently a gentleman—a

visiter of the lakes no doubt. He bows as he enters.

Mary is about to withdraw. He hopes "that his intrusion will not put the *lady* to such an inconvenience." He lays an emphasis on "lady." Mary blushes like a peony, and smiles, still retiring. As she reaches the door, their eyes meet—hitherto her's have been fixed on her uncle. Ha! surely they have seen each other before! No, no! it cannot be; yet there is some confusion. She is gone! All this time old Gobble has been sitting with open mouth and staring eyes, in a state of astonishment. To say the least, the strange visitor did seem to make himself perfectly at home, and that in the house of an English lawyer, worth £2000 per annum, was doing a good deal. He, Gobble, thought so, and kept muttering to himself while this scene was being enacted.

"Well, my fine fellow, what can you want? Inconvenience the *lady*, eh! Devilish free you are, both with tongue and eye! Pray be seated, sir." The last clause was addressed to the new comer.

The young man, who did not seem to be at all "put out" in the presence of the great lawyer, drew forward a chair, and threw himself jauntily into it. Then looking the man of law full in the face, he commenced:

"Mr. Gobble. I believe I have the honor of addressing that gentleman?"

"Gobble is my name, sir."

"I am a stranger, sir, in the neighborhood, and in need of legal advice. Your high professional reputation has induced me to seek you on my behalf."

"You flatter me, sir; indeed you do."

Gobble was as vain as the grand Turk, and could stand a heavy whitewashing too.

The young gentleman remained for a moment silent, with his eyes bent upon the blazing coal fire. After his reflections had ended, he turned himself once more to the lawyer, and recommenced.

"Mr. Gobble, as I have already said, I have come for your counsel on a legal point of some difficulty. I might state the matter in less than twenty words, and receive your answer in as many; but, from your name and reputation, I feel that I may confide to you the circumstances which have led to the affair in question, and perhaps it may be better, briefly, to state them."

"By all means, my dear sir, state the circumstances, freely. Between a lawyer and his client, a secret, you know—"

Here Gobble gave the stranger a kind of cunning look, as much as to say, "any thing from pitch and toss up, to manslaughter, is safe in my keeping."

He had already begun to like his new client. The allusions to his reputation were not lost upon him. There was a dash of independence about the young man which seemed to say, "I can pay all the damages." Gobble liked this, and had already made up his mind to charge at the rate of a guinea a word for whatsoever advice his client might stand in need of.

"Help yourself to a glass of wine, sir!"

The lawyer here pushed a decanter of Madeira towards his client, who had again fallen into a reflective mood. Starting from his momentary reverie, the young man took the decanter, and filling a glass drank it off, with as much *nonchalance* as a student in his chambers, or a soldier on a bivouac. He seemed to think as much about the presence of the mighty man of law, as any other piece of furniture in the room.

"I have not seen such cool impudence in a client since I first began practice. Hang the fellow—he intends paying for it no doubt."

This was Gobble to himself. After replacing the empty glass, the young man proceeded.

"I have said that I am a stranger in this part of the country. I am an American, and, by profession, a painter—an artist."

"So, so," thought Gobble, "this then is the celebrated artist—the fellow don't look so poor at all. I'll warrant he has got money!"

"Three weeks ago I took lodgings in a small cottage upon the Windermere, for the purpose of pursuing my studies without interruption. But on the second day after my arrival a circumstance occurred which gave me a distaste for palette and pencil. At all events, the fairest landscape in Cumberland had no longer any allurement for me. It was this. As I sat in a small oar-boat, sketching a view on the shore of Windermere, the boat gradually glided in to the bank of the lake. I had not observed this until I felt the soft leaves of a willow brushing against my face, and looking up, I perceived that I had drifted against the garden front of one of those beautiful and aristocratic mansions that lend such a charm to the scenery of these lakes. As I parted the willows, with a view of disentangling myself, I heard a sudden scream, and looking towards the spot from whence it proceeded, I beheld seated upon a bench one of God's fairest creatures, a beautiful girl. She had been alarmed at seeing my face among the willows, and an explanation on my part became necessary. Leaping on shore, and approaching her, I apologised. My apology was received and acknowledged in a voice so sweet—so musical—that even now I fancy it ringing in my ears—"

There came from the outer hall at this moment the voice of some one singing with a guitar ac-

companiment. The young man stopped in the middle of his relation, and inquired who was the musician. It was only his niece, Gobble answered—"Always singing or playing. Proceed, sir."

"My apology over, I re-entered the boat, and pushed away from the shore, waving my hand in adieu. I returned next morning to the sketch. I purposely allowed the boat to drift among the willows, and, judge my pleasure at again seeing the beautiful object of my thoughts occupying the rustic bench as before. I saluted her, my salute was returned. We became acquainted; our acquaintance became friendship; our friendship, love—and our love has now changed to wild adoration. I have solicited her hand in marriage. She has consented to become mine. I had apprehended no difficulty in the way of our union—but, judge my surprise, on discovering that she was a wealthy heiress, and that her guardian would never give his consent to our marriage. So convinced was she of this, that we have considered it superfluous to ask him, and have agreed to elope. He will, doubtless, one day forgive this indiscretion on our part, when he shall learn that my family is not inferior to his own. At present as I am pursuing my profession *incognito*, I am unable to convince him of this. Now, sir, by a law of your land, with which, of course, you are well versed, and upon the injustice and absurdity of which I need not comment,—he that abducts, or to use the more common expression, 'runs away' with an heiress, renders himself liable to fines and imprisonment. Is it not so?"

"Such a law does exist, sir."

"Well, this is my business with you. Place me in such a position that I may escape this penalty, and name your fee; or, if you wish, I will pay you one hundred guineas now, and thrice that sum if the result be successful."

"An hundred guineas—let me think—let me think." Gobble's avarice was excited, for, in spite of his wealth, he was now as avaricious as he had ever been in his life.

He leant his head on his hand, and remained for a moment in reflection. The client watched him with impatience, but Gobble did not heed him. He was hunting up the track of memory. After a few brief minutes spent in this way, the lawyer suddenly exclaimed—

"I have it! I have it! Listen, sir—I shall help you through with your difficulty. Never fear, listen. Let your elopement be on horseback—procure witnesses—mount the lady foremost—let her run away with you!"

"Will this do?"

"It will."

"You feel confident."

"I will myself undertake your defence."

"Will you do your utmost to bring me through?"

"I will."

"Solemnly promise me that you will use your best endeavors, to gain me the forgiveness of the lady's guardian, and your fee shall be five hundred guineas."

"I solemnly promise it."

"Enough, Mr. Gobble—here—for your present advice!" and the young man placing a hundred pound note before the lawyer, bowed, and withdrew.

Gobble put the note into his desk. His countenance was beaming with good humor.

"Mary!"

No answer. He calls Mary twice, and then rings the bell. Some one is closing the outer door. There's a footstep on the gravel walk leading down to the lake.

"Why, bless me, is that fellow only going now? He's as cool as a cucumber, and—as rich as Crœsus. I'll make his 500—Mary!"

And with the last call Mary enters, apparently somewhat flurried. Her uncle is in too good spirits to perceive this. He is laughing aloud.

"Ha—ha—ha! Mary, who do you think that young scamp is?"

"How should I know, dear uncle?"

"Why he's the great artist; the American, of whom you were just reading before he entered. He's the—ha—ha—ha!"

Mary was covered with blushes, but uncle Gregory was blind with delight, and continued.

"Why, the fellow's a mad cap—a scamp! What do you think he is about to do? Ha—ha—ha!"

"How should I know, dearest uncle?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Mary—but don't say a word about it. He's going to elope with some old gentleman's ward—to elope, and marry her—some of my neighbors here—ha! ha! ha! Let them look to it—it's not my business. Ha! ha! I wonder who it is? Old Wilton's daughter maybe, or, perhaps, it's the niece of my old friend Arlington. There'll be a pretty family row—let them look to it—ha—ha—ha!"

And almost choking with laughter, old Gobble rung for his servant, and retired to his chamber.

Mary also retired, but not to sleep.

Gregory Gobble, Esq. entered his own breakfast parlor precisely at eight o'clock the next morning. His niece has not yet made her appearance. That is something strange; as she is generally before him in the breakfast room. His toast is already smoking on the table. There is a letter

beside the plate, bearing his address. He opens and reads :

"Gregory Gobble, Esq. Attorney at Law."

SIR : I have followed your advice to the letter ; and by the time you have read this I will be the happy husband of the most beautiful bride in Cumberland. You, yourself, being the nearest of kin, will acknowledge this. Last evening you gave me a promise, that you would endeavor to gain the reconciliation of my wife's guardian ; you, and you only, can obtain it. I do not write to demand the fulfilment of that promise, but I join my prayers with those of my lovely Mary for your pardon and forgiveness. I am not a lord. I am simply (as we say in the United States), one of the sovereign people,—but I aspire to a higher glory than that conferred by a circlet of gold—the wreath of laurel. My life shall be spent in rendering myself worthy of the angel-being who has descended, as it were, from her heaven, to make me happy.

We wait for your pardon and blessing.

EDWARD WALLER."

Gregory Gobble felt the truth of the proverb—

" Men rather do their broken weapons use,
Than their bare hands."

And, he took up the "mangled matter at the best" under his paternal care. Edward Waller and his beautiful Mary long lived on the banks of the Windermere, but whether the young artist ever completed his sketches of the lakes is not known. It has been asserted, however, that he never did. Finding enough of the beautiful in his lovely Mary, he lost all desire to create it. As his name has not been handed down, in the list of the great artists, it is to be supposed that the £20,000, together with the immense legacy left by Gregory Gobble, Esq. had the effect of *Spoiling a Painter*.

For Arthur's Magazine.

PHOUL A' PHOCO.

(See Plate.)

THIS is a beautiful water-fall about an English mile from the Lakes of Killarney, formed by the overflow of the Devil's Punch Bowl, on the top of Mangerton, supposed to be the highest mountain in Ireland. The body of water is comparatively small, even in winter, but the rapidity with which it rushes down the mountain's side until arriving at the basin, may better be imagined

than described. It here falls over a precipice of about forty feet high and thence to the lakes.

The accompanying scenery is in the highest degree, beautiful and interesting. Noble woods in rich luxuriance, clothe the steep banks on either side, and sometimes dip their waving plumes in the boiling surf beneath.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

CONCEIVE an arch wanting only the keystone, and still supported by the centreing without which it would fall into a planless heap. It is now held up merely by the supports beneath it. Add the keystone, and it will stand a thousand years, although every prop should be shattered or fall in dust. Now, it is idle to say that this change in the principle of the structure was accomplished by the mere addition of one more stone. The difference is not only that of increase, but also that of almost magical transmutation. No stone before helped to hold up its neighbor, and each having its own prop, any one might

have been removed without shaking the support of the others. Now, each is essential to the whole, which is sustained not from without but by an inward law. So it is with religion. It not only adds a new feeling and sanction to those previously existing in the mind, but unites them by a different kind of force, and one for the reception of which all the invisible frame was prepared and planned, though it may stand for years unfinished, upheld by outward and temporary appliances, and manifesting its want of the true bond and centre which it has not yet received.

For Arthur's Magazine.

FIRST LOVE.

BY AN ANTIQUATED ADONIS.

THE joys of this world are too often fleeting visions, while its miseries are dull and lasting realities. Of all the bright dreams of our youth, first love is at once the brightest and most brief—pure and beautiful as the feeling is, it seems to bear within it the germ of its own decay, and, like the gorgeous flowers that adorn the spring, appears born but to wither and die.

This applies more to the first love of man, than to that of the softer sex, for although in nine cases out of ten, a woman not only does not marry her first love, but even lives long enough to wonder at her own folly, yet there are instances in which she does marry the object of her first affection, and lives to regret her misfortune in so doing. Not so with boys—their first passion is always a boyish one—generally fixed upon girls who are older than themselves, so that by the time they reach manhood, their early love, is any thing but their beau ideal of feminine perfection.

Nature denied me that precocity of intellect, and ability to study, for which some boys are remarkable—indeed I was honored by being considered the fool of the family, but, by way of recompense it is presumed, dame nature supplied me with very precocious affections. At the early age of twelve, I was most desperately in love, and no hero of romance ever indulged in more glowing visions of future felicity, or performed greater feats of strength, than I did in my vivid imagings of the future.

The lady who was blessed by my preference rejoiced in a redundancy of curly locks and very white teeth, and had reached the mature age of seventeen. She was apprenticed to a dress maker, and consequently, with the aid of her fellow laborers, and reading of novels, was in that delightful state which Sam Weller describes a young lady to be in, namely, if not already in love, quite ready to be so with the first gentleman who might ask her. My own situation in life at the time, was equally important. I was a very small boy, accustomed to sit on a very

high stool, in a very large accountant's office, from which I occasionally descended to deliver letters and messages throughout the city.

My first meeting with the dear one was at a country party. We sat at the same speculation table—when hearts were trumps, I, of course, bought all hers at a price that effectually distanced competitors—and after a time, oh! happiness upon happiness, contrived to ensconce myself as her partner in the game. Here was a state of perfect elysium, to sit next her, to whisper in her ear, and receive whispered communications in return;—or, in the event of my being about to commit any rash act, to get an admonitory tread upon the toes. How those hours passed I know not; I could never persuade myself that more than a few minutes had elapsed, yet the time for departure arrived. The young lady was much smarter than I, and had contrived to make our joint purse considerably heavier. She wanted to divide the spoils, but what was worldly wealth to me? My mind soared above such paltry dross—not a cent would I touch, for which liberality I had the satisfaction of seeing it all stowed away in her silk bag, and had the satisfaction of carrying that on one arm and the lady on the other. 'Twere vain to attempt any description of my efforts on the road to convince myself that I was rather taller than she was. How uprightly I walked—how one minute, joyous hope, and happy conviction, possessed me, and how the next, despair seized upon my benighted soul, as the varying path gave one or the other advantage,—suffice it, that we ultimately reached our destination, and that I parted from my charming Maria, completely and perfectly in love with her.

Halycon days of boyhood! when every thing wears a brighter aspect than it really possesses; when hope is strong beyond the power of any sorrow; when a long, long, vista of success is before our eyes; when no dreams of failure ever haunts us; when, in short, the beautiful tint of the rose adorns every thing upon which we look—

why can we not retain those feelings to cheer us in the struggles of our manhood, and comfort our old age?

I was a most persevering lover, considering my youth and inexperience—was soon on good terms with my inamorata, and many a stolen meeting—many a brief note, containing honied words and endearing expressions was the result. Months passed away in a kind of dreamy felicity, vague and objectless. The ordinary record of time ceased to note my passing existence. Days were reckoned by letters,—and weeks by meetings. The weeks were preciously few—the letters sufficiently numerous, and sufficiently nonsensical. But all things in this sublunary existence have an end; here pleasure is not eternal, nor can pain last for ever. At that day it was a custom in millinary establishments to give work-people a month's holiday; my idolized Maria came in for her share, and I had to look forward to a month's separation. Letters of course were to pass almost daily—every thing was arranged—a young lady friend was to kindly take charge of our respective epistles. But there is a fatal time for all of us. Cæsar had his Ides of March—Napoleon his retreat from Moscow, and the downfall of my love originated in the trifling accident of our accommodating friend leaving open a drawer which contained one of my letters. Her mother discovered it, and, what will not jealous and suspicious old ladies do?—broke the seal—perused it, and handed it to the friends of my Maria.

After learning these particulars, I nerved myself for the worst—pistols and bowie knives were perpetually dancing before my eyes—persecution of every order and kind seemed inevitable—but alas! for human greatness, the persecution took a different turn from that which I had anticipated. Instead of being reviled, abused, quarrelled with, I was only laughed at! Wherever I met any of my charmer's friends, there was a laughing, mischievous look about their eyes that cut me worse than knives. I could have borne oppression and insult, but was not prepared for contempt; that was the coldest of all cold water to throw upon my flame. It did not nip it in the bud, but in the full blown flower, it withered it root and

branch. Gradually it decreased, became "fine by degress, and beautifully less," until at last I could not think of my mistress, without recollecting the scorn that I had endured concerning her. Our meetings became fewer and farther between, and at length altogether ceased.

Thus ended my first love affair. Doubtless thousands of others have ended similarly, and it is best that such things should end so, for the early love of our youth is the product of our imagination, rather than our judgment; rarely is a boy's first love called into existence by the personal or mental charms of a lady; it has existed a long, long, time, in his brain; it is the offspring of ideality. All his young and vivid fancy—all his buoyant imagination—has been exercised in creating a bright ideal perfection—a lovely, tho' visionary, form of excellence, as pure as it is unreal. Some one real or imagined attribute in a lady that he meets causes him to invest her with his divine spirituality, and he straightway "sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt," and worships a divinity of his own creation.

Hence we have cause for gratitude to Providence that the course of true love does not run smooth. There is scarcely one blessing that we enjoy, for which we ought to be more truly thankful than for the impediments that almost invariably occur to our "first love." The few instances that we see of men marrying the objects of their boyish attachment, are too often rife with misery and regret, simply because the attributes which a boy deems likely to secure permanent felicity, are totally different from those which a man knows to be essential to domestic comfort.

With me the age of romance has long been past. I am absolutely and entirely common place. The world, in its hard realities, has rubbed down my ideality as effectually as though I had been under the operation of Mr. Easy's phrenological machine; yet, when I think of my early love, it teaches me forbearance and charity toward my more youthful brethren. If all of us suffered ourselves to learn a similar lesson, many a youthful mind might, by a word of friendly warning, be spared one of its earliest sorrows, or have it alleviated and deprived, of its bitterest pangs, by kindness and sympathy.

"Tis something, if in absence we can trace
The footsteps of the past: it sooths the heart
To breathe the air scented in other years
By lips beloved, to wander through the groves
Where once we were not lonely; where the rose

Reminds us of the hair we used to wreath
With its fresh buds—where every hill and vale,
And wood and fountain, speak of time gone by,
And Hope springs up in joy from Memory's ashes.
LANDON.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE have nothing of special interest to say to our readers this month. Not having been either to Saratoga or Cape May, nor to any other fashionable watering or bathing place, we have no light gossip appertaining to the great and little folks who frequent them to set out by way of dessert to the substantial repast we have spread before our readers in this number of our magazine. And as little is said or done in the literary world during the "long month of August" that can be made very interesting, even when dressed up with the most consummate professional skill, we must be excused for not attempting the hopeless task of making something out of nothing. We prefer, rather, to let well enough alone,—that is, to be content with presenting a number of the Magazine that will challenge, we are well assured, a full and free comparison with any other issue of the month.

Don't let any reader pass by the story of "The Dry Dominie of Kilwoody." It is admirably told, and will provoke many a hearty laugh. It has been attributed to Walter Scott—but that origin we think doubtful. "The Lesson of Misfortune," by Marmon-tel, specially rendered for us from the French by one of our excellent translators, is among the finest tales we have yet published—it combines deep interest, with the development of high moral worth tried and proved by misfortune. Such tales are good gifts to mankind. It gives us real pleasure to make our work the vehicle by which they are sent forth, like healthy waters, to bless wherever they flow.

From the pen of Miss S. A. Hunt, of New York, the gifted young lady who furnished the finely conceived and well-told tale published last month under the title of "Charity At Home and Abroad," we present our readers with "The Wedding Party," also an excellent story. Miss Hunt is just coming forward—just beginning to feel her power; but it will not be long before she will be well and favorably known. She observes with an accurate eye, combines with much skill, and, in the development of her stories, seeks to give a just form to the operations and ultimate effects of good principles. Our readers will hear from her often.

The "Poor Scholar" has quite a spirited sketch; and—but we will particularize no farther. The whole number, like its predecessors, is good.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Several articles from correspondents remain unexamined. They will be read, and, if approved, appear in the next number.

FUNERAL OF THOMAS CAMPBELL, THE POET.—The London Pictorial Times contains an account of the funeral ceremonies attending the consignment of the mortal remains of the author of "The Pleasures

of Hope," to the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey. Crowds were in attendance, among them a large number of the most distinguished literary and scientific men in England. Many Poles were present. The most interesting incident that occurred was the following. "When the reverend doctor arrived at that portion of the ceremony in which dust is consigned to dust, an additional interest was thrown around this part of the proceedings, by the significant tribute of respect which was paid to the memory of the poet by the Poles who accompanied the remains to the grave. One of their number took a handful of earth, which had been taken for the purpose from the tomb of Koskiusko, and scattered it over the coffin of him who had portrayed in such glowing terms the woes and wrongs of their country!"

The coffin was neatly adorned. In the centre was a large gilt plate, bearing the following inscription:

THOMAS CAMPBELL, L. L. D.
Author of "The Pleasures of Hope."
Died June 15, 1844,
Aged 67.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The literary world, as was to have been expected, has felt the effects of an enervating atmosphere. July and August are not much adapted for either mental or physical efforts—drinking mineral waters, and dozing over the newspapers, being the only exertion at all tolerable. We have been favored with the completion of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, which winds up as every body must have expected—nothing very startling about it. The work, taking it altogether, we think inferior to many of the author's productions, yet not without ability. The hypocritical Pecksniff, so frequently haunts us in real life, although not quite so monstrous, that all must allow the justice of the creation. Tom Pinches are more rare, but still of occasional growth. The other characters in the English part of the history are true to nature. The general feeling produced by this work, is regret that Dickens ever left his home, either in his works or his person. In English scenes, he is literally at home; but in all his foreign descriptions, he displays excess of spleen, combined with deficiency of judgment. There is no doubt that in England the work will be one of his most popular novels.

The Life of Beau Brummell, issued by Carey and Hart, is well gotten up, and contains a good quantity of reading matter. We confess, however, to being unable to avail ourselves of it, not having any particular taste for gentlemen of his calibre. We are at a loss to understand the motive of such a publication, as there is nothing in the life or character of Brum-

mell worthy of imitation: unjustifiable extravagance, and ridiculous affectation, being his leading characteristics.

A quaint publication appears from Harpers, purporting to contain the "*Transactions of the Society of Literary and Scientific Chiffonniers.*" The object seems to be a satire on other literary and scientific publications, the pomposity attendant upon which has been too often laughed at to need comment. This work is published in numbers; the two issued treat of the spoon as an implement of common use. There is a lively style in the writing, and the work is printed in a large type, which, after the miserably indistinct printing that has of late pestered us, is truly refreshing.

The Pictorial Bible is going on capitally. The numbers appear in quicker succession than at first. The publication seems to be well under weigh, and likely to proceed prosperously and rapidly to the end. When completed, it will be superior to any edition of Holy Writ published in this country. No. 6 is the last issued, and is certainly in no way inferior to its predecessors.

The Illustrated Shakspeare has reached the 18th number. Romeo and Juliet is in progress. The only objection we have to this work is on account of its size—we plead guilty to a love for those old pocket editions that are so delightfully portable. We like to have all our favorite poets in such a shape that we can carry a volume, if so inclined, in our pocket, and indulge at any time. This objection to the size, disposed of, we think the edition a good one, and well worthy of patronage.

The Temptation, or Who is to Blame? By the author of "*The Seamstress,*" is an American story issued by John Allen of New York. It is written to show the necessity there exists for more social restrictions. Parents would do well to look into it. It contains some hints that, if acted upon, might save them many a heart-ache.

The Two Sisters, or Life's Changes, is a new story by the author of "*The Tailor's Apprentice,*" published by G. B. Zeiber & Co. All who have read the "*Tailor's Apprentice,*" and the "*Little Pilgrims,*" will feel a desire to peruse this work; also.

Prose Fictions, written for the illustration of true principles in their bearing upon Every-Day Life. By T. S. ARTHUR. Part I. Each part complete in itself. Philadelphia. G. B. Zeiber & Co. This is the first part of a uniform edition of the author's short stories which have appeared, from time to time, in our different periodicals. The advertisement to the first part, says:—"The author of the following stories, all of which have appeared in the different periodicals of the day, made one or two previous attempts to collect them, but did not choose a good form for their preservation. He will in the form now adopted, issue the whole in a regular succession of numbers. In each of these stories he has aimed to inculcate some true principle of action, or to throw a guiding light upon the path of life. He is sure, that, if read aright, their tendency will be to make men less selfish, and, as a natural consequence, happier."

Scotland, by J. G. Kohl, is just presented by Carey and Hart. To those who have read Kohl's

previous works, not a word is necessary to recommend it,—to those who have not, we can only say, that we recollect no books of travels more admirably written. The reader sees the place described rather than reads of it. He travels with the author, and reaps the benefit of unusually acute perceptive faculties unalloyed by even a shadow of intolerance.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

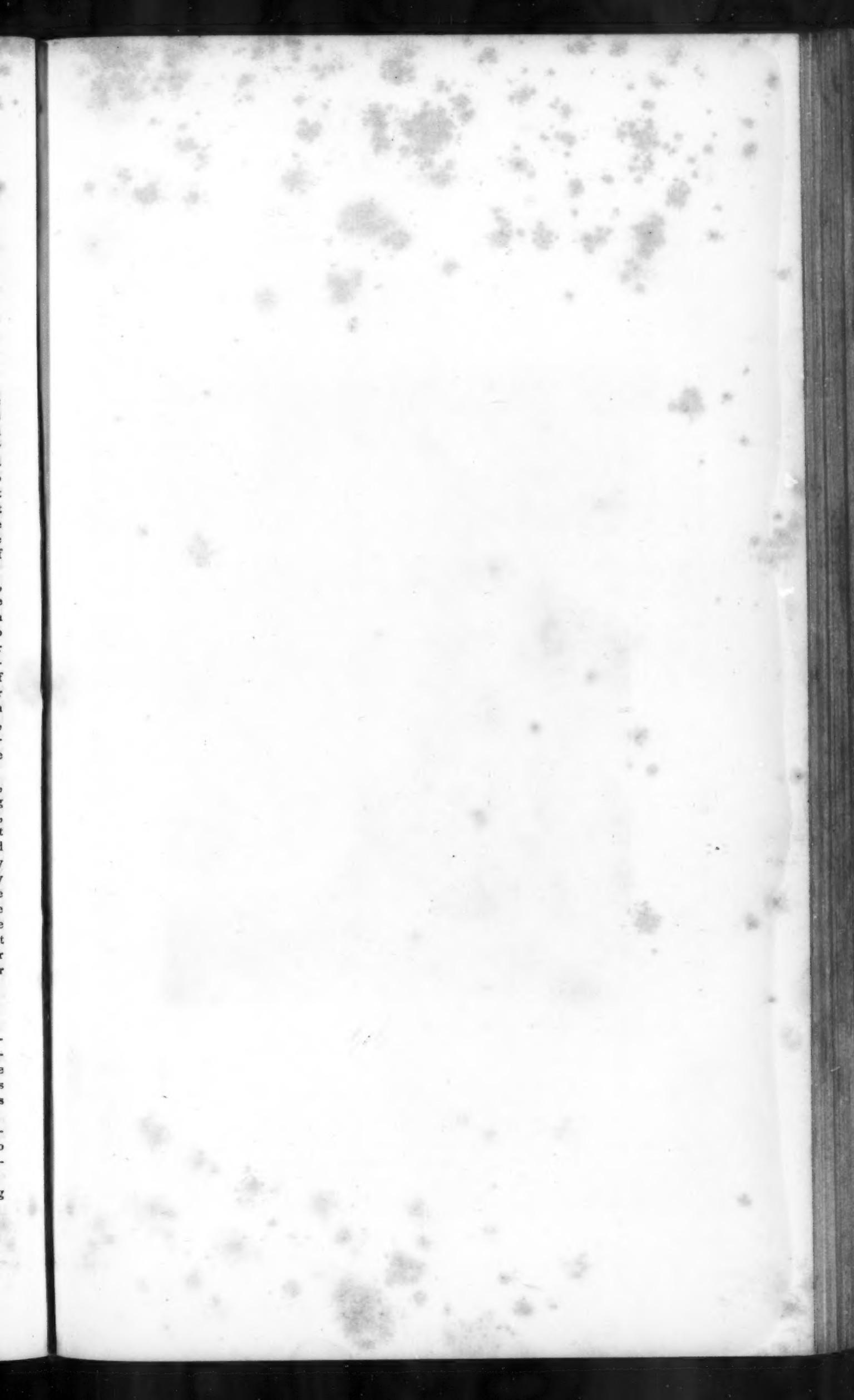
We ask of our readers a candid comparison of the literary quality of this work with any and all of the three and two dollar magazines that are published in this city or elsewhere. It has been complacently assumed by some of those most interested, that a two dollar magazine must of necessity be inferior to one published at three dollars, because it could not afford to pay so high a price for literary matter. But we intend to demonstrate, practically, and therefore beyond the shadow of a doubt, that this is a mere assumption, and nothing else. In fact the system of paying high prices for names, with but little control over the quality of matter furnished by said names, or individuals owning them, must tend to make the magazines that are now claiming to lead the van in periodical literature, inferior in many respects to ours, which bases its judgment of articles upon their merits alone, no matter what their source. In illustration of this, we confidently refer to the numbers of our work already issued. Let any one compare our June, July, August, or September numbers, with numbers for the same months of any other magazine, and say, if in sterling interest, usefulness and attractiveness, they are at all inferior—nay, that they are not in many respects superior.

To those who have read *The Perplexed Lover*, *Silent Love*, *The Coppersmith*, *The Boarding School Friends*, *The Governor and his Successors*, *Charity at Home and Abroad*, &c. &c. we need not say that the merit of articles must be very high indeed that can surpass them. We doubt very much, if any similar work can produce, in the same time, as many articles of equal interest. This is not meant to be invidious, it is the plain honest truth, and cannot be gainsaid. Nor will there be any falling off in the character of our Magazine; but a steady improvement as we progress. "*Excellence*" is the aim of our Editor, and that he will stamp upon any work under his entire supervision.

OUR PLATES FOR SEPTEMBER.—All must acknowledge our engravings for this month to be highly attractive. *Phoul a' Phoco* is a picturesque water-fall in the neighborhood of the beautiful Lake Killarney. It has been engraved with great accuracy and skill, and makes for our work a fine embellishment.

"*The Citadel of Kingston,*" from the St. Lawrence, is also a good engraving. This place is so familiar to American readers, that no particular description of it is needed.

Both these pictures, possessing as they do, sterling merit, must please our readers.





LAKE OF KILLARNEY.

Arthur Magazine, October 1844





THE WOUNDED PHEASANT.

Arthur's Magazine, October 1844.

